Vol. CXXIX. No. 1681.

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[THE BYSTANDER, MARCH 4, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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The BYSTANDER

Tunbridge

ROBERT DONAT RETURNS TO THE STAGE

"Red Night" is the play Robert Donat has chosen for his first venture as actor-manager and his first reappearance on the stage since he meteored into film fame. It starts this evening at the Queen's, and is mainly a war play—an adaptation by J. L. Hodson of his own novel, "Grey Dawn—Red Night"—with Donat as a young writer who goes through the 1914-18 maelstrom and then becomes a journalist in Manchester (Donat's native town). Meantime, "The Ghost Goes West," his last film, is still showing in general release cinemas, and he is listed for several new pictures—"Knights Without Armour," with Merle Oberon, "Lord Nelson," and "Hamlet," with Vivien Leigh

Col. Sawyer and the Hon. Mrs. Murray

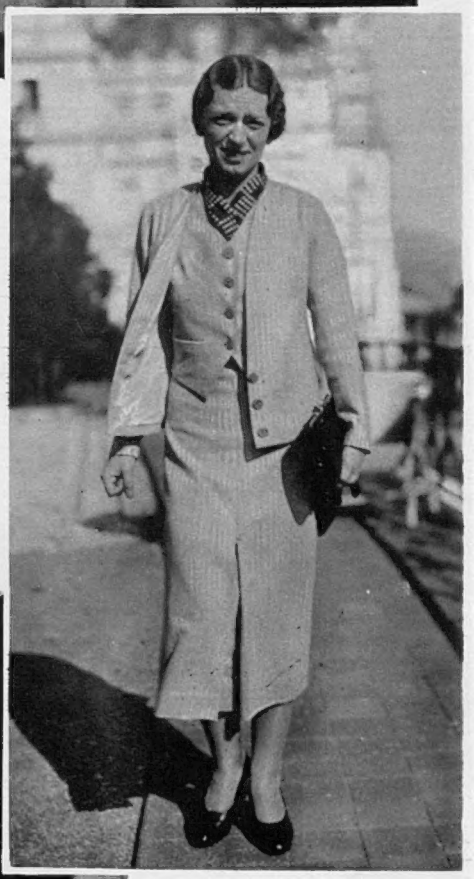
Colonel Eric Sawyer and the Hon. Mrs. "Peter" Murray were at the Black and White Ball organised by Princess Nicholas of Greece in aid of Russian charities. Col. Sawyer is a distinguished Riviera architect. Mrs. Murray (Faith Celli that was) is staying with Mrs. Osler at her Antibes villa

Watching Beaulieu Tennis

Vladimir Landau, who runs the Monte Carlo Country Club, was playing in the Beaulieu tournament. He is with Miss Rosemary Potter and Lady Marguerite Strickland. The latter came over from Clos de la Garoupe which her father, Lord Darnley, has taken this season

Riviera Days and Nights

Tennis at Beaulieu, Parties and Arrivals at Monte Carlo



Miss Rosemary Stanley

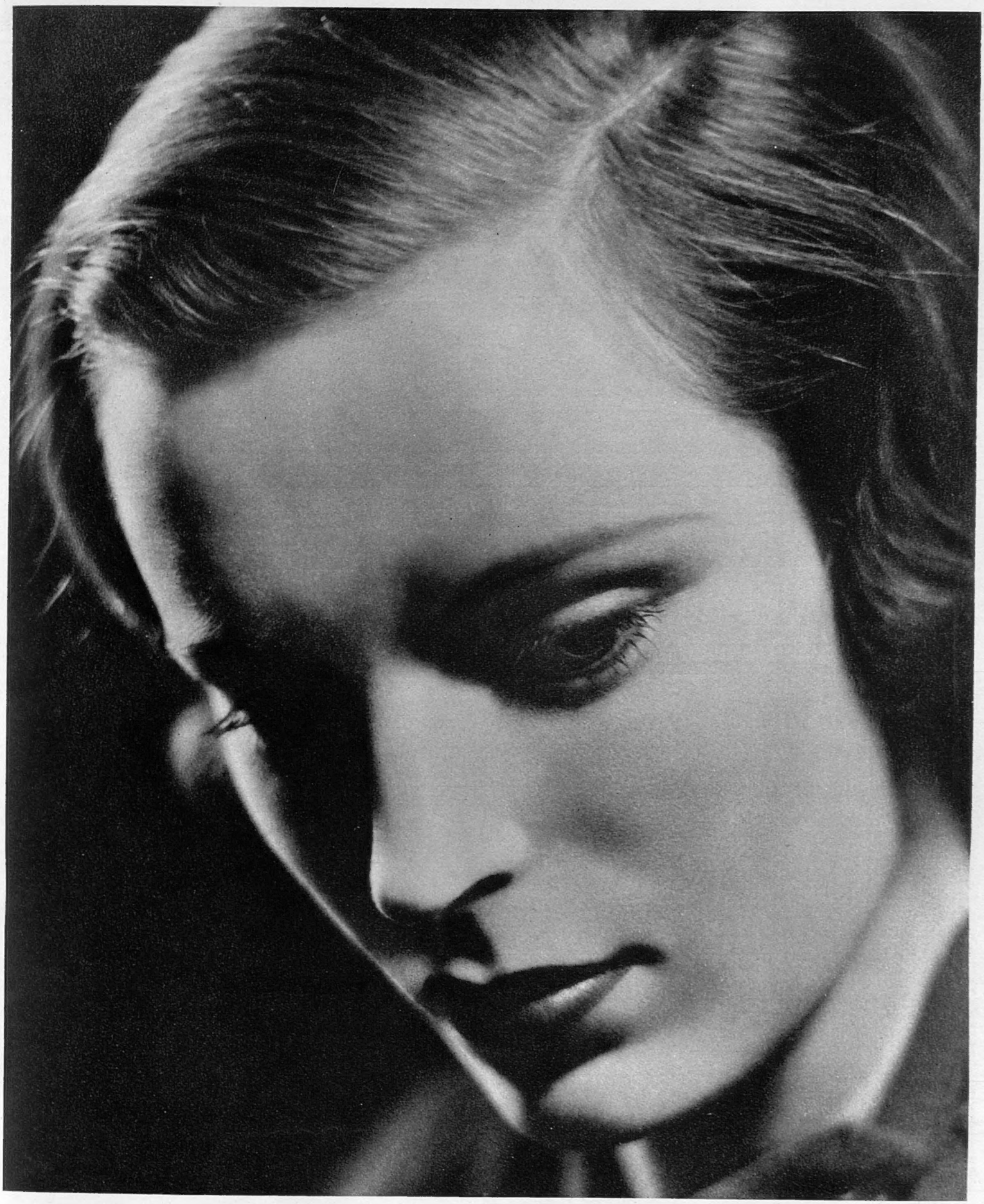
Rosemary Stanley had been staying with her uncle, Lord Derby, at his villa, Sansovino. Her father, the Hon. Sir Victor Stanley, died two years ago

Lady Mappin

Had just arrived in Monte Carlo. She was Ruby Gordon-Duff before her marriage in 1930 to Sir Charles Mappin

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Arlen

Left: the Michael Arlens took a party to the Black and White Ball. Mrs. Arlen's father, Count Mercati, is Chamberlain at the Greek Court, and she herself is a friend of the Duchess of Kent, whose mother organised the Ball



Norman Parkinson

Portrait of Miss Camilla Russell

This lovely girl is the daughter of the famous Russell Pasha at whose name the drug traffickers of Egypt tremble. She intends to make a serious career on the films and has already had two small parts, meantime is working in a shop and has studied interior decorating. And she isn't amused by watching or playing games

Getting Married

Two Weddings and an Engaged Couple

Mr. Mark Pilkington and Miss Susan Henderson

Mark Pilkington, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Pilkington, of Little Offley, Hitchin, Herts., married Susan Henderson at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is the daughter of the late Hon. Alec Henderson, Lord Faringdon's uncle, and Lady (Murrough) Wilson, of Windlesham Park, Surrey. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Pilkington are spending their honeymoon in Madeira

Mr. Stefan Neumann and Lady Doria Childe

Lady Doria Childe is the elder daughter of the Duke of Newcastle; was Lady Doria Pelham-Clinton-Hope before her first marriage to Mr. Frederick Childe. She was married to Stefan Neumann, of Mayfair Court, Stratton Street, at the Caxton Hall Registry Office last week

Swaebe

The Hon. Charles Wood and Miss Ruth Primrose

The engaged-couple photograph is of Charles Wood and Ruth Primrose at the Café de Paris. He is the Earl and Countess of Halifax's eldest son, and she is the twenty-year-old daughter of the late Hon. Neil Primrose, and a niece of Lord Rosebery. They have announced their wedding for April 25th at St. Paul's Cathedral

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" in Society

Four Men at a Show

A STRIPED awning and a strip of red carpet does not necessarily mean a party at this time of year. It usually means that a sacred thing known as the showing of "a new collection" is in progress. In other words, a dress show.

At one big "opening" the other day, in addition to the star designer himself, there were three other men: Lord Ratendone, interested in his pretty young wife's selections, and Mr. Bill Astor and the Hon. Anthony Winn.

As to the feminine clientèle, we decided that black is universally becoming, and that Englishwomen en masse look like Parisiennes at the moment in their smart but sombre garments.

Lady Stanley was advising her niece, Ruth Primrose, on the art of trousseau buying; a recent bride, Mrs. Lothar Mendes, came with her extremely smart and youthful-looking mother, Mrs. Bendir. (When Mrs. Mendes was "Babe" Bosdari she was herself a mannequin at the same establishment.) Perhaps the most beautiful face in the room belonged to Mrs. Ian Bullough (Lily Elsie), although Mrs. Sweeny, Lady Warwick and Lady Jersey were there to uphold the standards of a younger generation.

The Marchioness of Cambridge, Lady Kemsley, Mrs. Ernest Simpson, and the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald were others obviously dress-minded that day.

Scraps of conversation overheard at dress shows are very enlightening. "Now with a belt, that is just my affair!" "Darling, do you like that?" "*No*, Mummy!" "Do tell me what a hangover is"—and the answer to *that* one is "Oh, why is the world so big and so round!"

Tunbridge

Miss Barbara McFadyean

Sir Andrew and Lady McFadyean's eighteen-year-old daughter is studying at the R.A.D.A., and appeared last night in their show at the Haymarket, acting in French in Molière's "L'Amour Medecin;" is a descendant of William Macready. She was presented at one of last year's Courts

Swaebe

The Countess of Erne and Mrs. John Ward

Lady Erne and Mrs. John Ward were at the 10, Downing Street committee meeting for the Cavalcade of Arts matinée. Lady Erne is Lord and Lady Lytton's younger daughter, and Mrs. Ward was Susan Corbett before her 1934 wedding

It Was Only Last Summer

"So they married and lived happily ever after"! When we were children that was the termination of every bedtime story, and we still believe that most people when they marry they set out with the same idea.

What is it in this restless age that wrecks so many matrimonial ventures? Nerves, boredom, incompatibility, "someone else"; we are used to all these everyday excuses and explanations, but there are cases to which none of these reasons apply.

For instance, we read the other day of the pending divorce of a certain well-known couple who have been married for several years and are the parents of more than one child, and a scene that we saw enacted last summer flashed into our minds.

We were unconscious and helpless witnesses of this short and poignant human drama, for we were waiting in one of those big public buses that go to and from Le Touquet and Boulogne. Across the quay, some distance away, was a stationary motor-car, in which sat a young man, studying either a map or a newspaper.

Just behind, and almost out of sight of the car, two people stood on the railway line behind a goods train obviously saying good-bye. The woman was crying and they clung to each other in a fond embrace. The husband patted her arm consolingly and at last she walked away, but she turned again and went back, and this heartrending little scene was repeated several times.

At last, crying bitterly, she stumbled away and climbed into the car. Hatless and looking the picture of dejection he remained on the railway line and watched her out of sight. That was last summer, and now we read that she has filed a petition for divorce. We have not heard that either of them intend marrying anyone else, and no boredom or incompatibility could exist between two people to whom parting was such obvious agony. It is none of our business, but it makes us wish that the end of bedtime stories were more often true to life.

Conference on Golden Miller

Gerry Wilson and Miss Dorothy Paget having their last words before the Newbury Steeplechase in which Golden Miller started favourite at evens, failed at a fence and deposited his jockey

That Expensive Institution

IT must have been the fog and murky drizzle last Saturday morning that put week-ending out of many Mayfair heads, and made the theatres, restaurants and night clubs look like any Wednesday or Thursday evening.

We went ourselves to see *Three Men On a Horse* at Wyndham's, the best three hours' fun we have seen for years. It proves the futility of that expensive institution known as a "box-office draw," for except for Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell there is not one name in the cast known to ordinary playgoers like ourselves.

Swaebe

Viscountess Ratendone

Went walking in the Park with her little dog, Felix. She married Lord Willingdon's only son in 1934, is the daughter of Basil Foster, the actor, and now lives in Lygon Place

Committee Meeting in Downing Street

Mrs. Stanley Baldwin sat next Lady Mary Dunn, chairman of the Cavalcade of Arts Matinée Committee, at a morning meeting last week at 10, Downing Street. The Matinée is being held on March 31st, at the Cambridge Theatre, and is in aid of the Y.W.C.A. Central Club

We were glad to see Collie Knox, popular young radio critic, happily recovered from a long illness. The Anthony Actons and Sir Victor and Lady Warrender were together. Also the Charles Sweenys and Lady Veronica Hornby and her husband. Lady Veronica always wears something we feel we must mention; that night it was an Eton jacket and minute muff, both made of mink.

A Missing Barouche

STANDING about for at least twenty minutes outside the theatre in an atmosphere of penetrating dampness while our host's car was held up round the corner by a particularly spiteful policeman, did much to console us for *not* owning a car. A taxi to the Savoy would have cost less than an out-size tip to the commissionaire to go and find the missing barouche. However, cold and rather cross, we arrived at the big-windowed grill-room at long last.

An Italian Star

THE first people we saw were Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, looking unbelievably beautiful in a black picture evening dress; her slim and attractive mother in silver; the Marquis de Casa Maury, who must be pleased at the success of *Bonne Chance* at his little Curzon Cinema; and Signor Tullio Carminati, who entrenched himself in our hearts by his performance in *One Night of Love*. He is engaged at the moment in the film, *The Three Maxims*, with Leslie Banks, and Anna Neagle, and not having a call for eight a.m. on the set next morning, allowed himself to be shown some of the night life of London, namely, the Four Hundred, Frisco's and The Shim Sham.

A Tragic Beauty

HOUSE-FULL signs might have been hung outside all of them, but it was the crowd at the Four Hundred that surprised us most. Lady Jersey was there in a party with the tragic beauty, Baroness Von Thyssen, who has made a miraculous recovery from the terrible accident in which she was involved, and has come to London to consult the famous plastic surgeon, Sir Harold Gillies.

One of the prettiest women in the room was Mrs. Philip Kindersley, just back from New York and Mexico, and looking like a child in a white satin dress and a longer, looser coiffure than of yore. She arrived with the Mark Ostrers (whom we had seen at the theatre with Miss Jessie Matthews and her husband), Lord Oranmore and Brown, her sister, Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, and Mr. A. C. Blumenthall (Blumey), who is at every worth-while party.

Concussed Beauty

A YOUTHFUL and very enjoyable cocktail-party happened at the Florida last Wednesday to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of Mr. Duncan McClure.

In the too-short space of time that we were able to stay, we caught glimpses of Miss Nancy Harmood Banner, whose microphone singing is becoming a feature at many private parties; Miss Susan Bligh, who, we were sorry to learn, was suffering from slight concussion, and the tall figures of Sir Anthony Lindsay Hogg and Mr. Edward Underdown, who is in Noel Coward's company, and has just made a film test for a Hollywood agent.

A Sequin Kilt

THE Galaxy Gala at the Ice Club on Wednesday night was an enormous success. An entrancing exhibition of figure-skating was given by Miss Belita Jepson-Turner, a member of the British Olympic team. In an abbreviated costume of red sequins, she skimmed and jumped and twirled over the rink in inimitable fashion. Can it be true she is only fourteen?

The club was packed with skaters and onlookers who dined in the balcony, among the latter being the Countess of Inchcape, who gave away the prizes and

First-Nighting

Miss Jeanne Stourton and Mr. Charles German-Ribon went to the première of "Things to Come" together. Jeanne Stourton spends her working hours as secretary to Countess Court Haugwitz-Reventlow

Five-Hundredth Performance

Romney Brent, the "little man" hero of "Three Men on a Horse," is talking to Ellen Pollock, Michael Egan and Diana Churchill, at the stage party to celebrate the 500th performance of "The Dominant Sex." Miss Pollock and Miss Churchill are both in it, and Michael Egan is the author

Swaebe

Lady Bridget Poulett Has Come Back

Lady Bridget Poulett and Miss Rosemary Robertson had lunch together at Quaglino's one day last week. Lady Bridget has been back a week or two from the two months' trip she and her mother made to America

looked lovely in pale grey tulle, and the Hon. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, in a party with Patricia Lady Cottenham. In another large party we noticed Lady Waterlow and that well-known playboy who works hard as well—Mr. Dale Bourn.

Flowers in Her Hair

LATER on that evening we saw Lord and Lady Inchcape at the Café de Paris, which was full to overflowing and very gay. Miss Claire Luce was dancing with Mr. Nigel Tangye; Miss Irene Mann-Thompson, who manages to wear flowers in a straight, Garboesque coiffeur, was one of the prettiest girls in the room; Lady Warwick, Lady Ashley, and Miss Jeanne Stourton were in a party together; beautiful Miss Mona Maris was supping with Mr. Bobbie Sweeny. Mr. John de Forest, too, we remember seeing.

It May Be Hot Milk!

"AND the people go on and on, and they turn up here, there, and everywhere."

Still later the same night we saw Lord and Lady Hardwick, Miss Claire Elwes, and Mr. Charles Birkin, who had "gone on," as the habit is, more to continue conversation and have a last drink (very often it is hot milk!) than to dance. Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell was there, too, looking more like her sister, Lady Lindsay Hogg, than ever.

Jewel Notes

Two outstandingly attractive necklaces that caught our eye last week—the Duchess of Westminster's important and lovely parure of pearls, emeralds, and diamonds, and an all-diamond necklet of lighter design, worn by Mrs. Leveson-Gower, who we saw in a large party with her husband and his cousin, Mrs. Malcolm Vaughan.

MISS PEEPS

Engaged Couple Out Hunting

Mr. Henry Garnett, who is in the Royal Horse Guards, and Miss Mary Leigh, Captain and Mrs. Gerard Leigh's daughter, announced their engagement last week. This hunting snapshot of them was taken at the Quorn meet at Beeby

The Countess of Dumfries and Her Twins

Lord and Lady Dumfries' twin sons, John and David, had their third birthday last week. John is the elder and is officially styled Lord Cardiff. They have a brother, James Charles, who was born last year. Lady Dumfries is Lord and Lady Granard's younger daughter, and married Lord and Lady Bute's eldest son in 1932

Warning in Amber : By Norman Parkinson

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 10.

Charles B. Cochran

CHARLES BLAKE COCHRAN, the fifth of ten brothers and sisters, eight of whom are still alive, was born in Sussex (oddly enough in the same village as Hannen Swaffer) in 1872. He then went to the same school as Aubrey Beardsley. But his own admirable reminiscences are too well known for me to turn this into a biographical sketch. And, anyway, I have not the space. I will only go into one detail of past history—and that is the origin of the scar on his rubicund cheek. He acquired it at the age of seven by falling on to an ornamental border of scollop shells. And, curiously, his favourite dish to-day is scollops.

It was thirty-three years ago he married one of the most charming and understanding women in the world, Miss Evelyn Dade, as she then was. That was just about the time he put on his first show in London—*Sporting Simpson*. Since then he has promoted wrestling, roller skating, professional lawn tennis, a rodeo, prize fighting, and circuses. Previously he had toured the United States in stock companies.

At the moment *Follow the Sun* is eclipsing all his previous revues at the Adelphi, and rehearsals are in full swing for the new Barrie play starring Elisabeth Bergner.

But what of the man behind the showman? Well, Cocky or Charlie, as he is alternatively known to his friends, is devoted to the country, although it is his fate to live in great cities. Even in London he is rather like a country parson who shuts the front door behind him every morning at ten, and then goes on his rounds, expecting to find everything exactly as it was on his return. Like a country parson, too, he dresses very conservatively, and is one of the few men in London who always wear boots in the day-time. Unlike a parson, however, he has no children. But perhaps this is just as well. Of course, he would have liked children if they had been brilliant. But Charlie cannot tolerate amateurs of any kind. Any amateur children would have been too much for him altogether.

BUT it is just as well that he was a professional actor himself. From the moment he conceives the idea for a new show he is like a young mother expecting her first baby. Sometimes he is unable to eat, and bits of food are put all round him in his dressing-room. As for a London first night, it is like a football match to sit next to him; and in Manchester he never sleeps a wink for the first three nights of the provincial opening. And after every success he becomes more nervous about the next.

To-day in a world of synthetic and somewhat precious producers, Cocky, with his fur-lined coat, button-boots, top-hat and cigar, can be picked out by any member of any audience anywhere in the world as the flesh and blood reality of what an actor-manager-producer should be.

Evidently the theatre is his first love. But pictures—and I don't mean movies—are a very close second. He probably knows more about the Impressionists than anyone in the country except actual art dealers—a knowledge which is apparent from the brilliant décor of his shows. Yet another passion of his is the Zoo, and he is always secretly admiring this institution for the publicity it secures. From hazel-eyed, quick-tempered, obstinate, artistic, witty, clear-thinking, hard-to-please Cocky, this is praise indeed.

CHARLES GAY

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

All the Winners

"Three Men on a Horse" (Wyndham's Theatre)

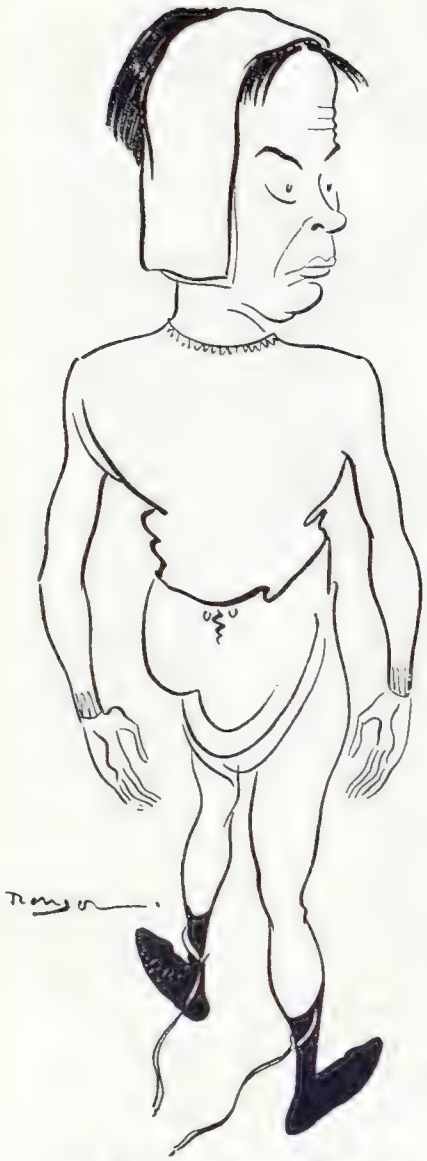
IT is presumably better to own a theatre that is lucky rather than one that is comfortable, and Wyndham's is undoubtedly lucky in finding winners; a particularly apposite gift in the case of *Three Men on a Horse*, for the hero, Erwin Trowbridge (Romney Brent), can, in his guileless way, spot the right horse in every race, every day. Here we have an actor who is not only full of humour but one who can strike the note of wistful pathos, which is the hall-mark of all great comedians; notable examples being the late Dan Leno and James Welsh.

POOR little Erwin! He is so happy in his simple way, fond of his silly little wife, Audrey (Tucker McGuire), and his jerry-built little house; he reveres his bullying employer and throws all his soul into turning out for him footling, sentimental verses by the score. But with all his meekness, he just can't abide his brother-in-law, Clarence (W. B. Hixson), and this is the cause of the domestic fracas which sends him to the consolation of many drinks at the Lavillere Hotel, instead of to his job at the office of Mr. Carver (Maurice Freeman). Here he falls into the hands of a trio of toughs, professional backers of horses, who unfortunately discover his innocent hobby of picking the winner during his daily journey to the City on top of a bus. During a morning interrupted by his violent attacks of indisposition, caused by unaccustomed drinking, he convinces them of his infallibility by putting them on to one winner after another. Naturally, they determine to make him their lifelong companion; but the more they see of him the more puzzled they become; they are too hard-boiled to believe that he does it all for fun and never backs a horse himself; they cannot understand why he can only get his inspiration on top of a bus. Being what they are, it is inevitable that finally they suspect him of double-crossing them, and there is some rough work; too late they find that they have misjudged their little Erwin, and that he, returning thankfully to his daily round and common task, is lost to them for ever.

THE vigorous humour of this American farce just carries the audience along with it; the production is slick and a striking example of the value of pace and timing. Never for a moment is it allowed to drag.

THE acting is good. Bernard Nedell and Edmond Ryan make an excellent pair of toughs; David Burns gives a wonderful performance as the third villain; and their Broadway sweetie is cleverly played by Claire Carleton.

Is it really necessary to publish a Glossary of Racing Terms in the programme? The public is always nervous of anything that is presumed to be too difficult for it to understand, yet the terms used are not so abstruse that the meaning, if not already known, could not be guessed.



Erwin Trowbridge (Romney Brent) has a night out that gives him far more than a hangover

Sketches by Rouson

Erwin is goaded a little too far by Patsy (Bernard Nedell). Charlie, Frankie and Mabel (Edmond Ryan, David Burns, and Claire Carleton) watch with mixed feelings the turning of the worm

FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES BATEMAN, A.R.A. C.F.H

A COPY OF THIS PICTURE CAN BE OBTAINED (POST FREE) ON APPLICATION TO DEPT. B., THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

"A Dancing Thing"

Three Lithe Couples in *Follow the Sun*

Paul Meeres and Barbara Meade

Raoul and Eva Reyes

Claire Luce and Robert Linden

DANCING numbers in *Follow the Sun* are as thick as currants in a cake — there are solos, pas de deux, chorus ensembles, and a full-size ballet jostling each other in scene after scene, all dressed and set in the usual Cochranesque splendour. These three couples might be classed as plums among the currants. Claire Luce and Robert Linden take a sophisticated turn along the apache road; the Meares and Meade team are in the swooping adagio and tango category; and Raoul and Eva Reyes do anything to a rumba-cucuraccha rhythm

Photographs by John Everard

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

OLD UNCLE REUTER, who rarely misses anything that 's going, reported the other day that Sir Eric Drummond, our Ambassador at Rome, had left Vienna. But, explained Reuter, there was no diplomatic significance in the journey whatsoever—Sir Eric had merely gone to see his dentist. That arouses pleasing conjectures.

To begin with, when a member of the Corps Diplomatic suddenly gets the drill on an exposed nerve, are his protests like yours and mine, or just exquisitely non-committal? Having brooded on this, our idle fancy began to toy with the situation of a handsome young diplomat whose dentist turns out to have grown a long red beard, above which yearn a pair of langourous violet eyes.

"Aren't you Lola La Lolotte of the Moldavian Secret Service?" he asks negligently at length, as his teeth are being explored. "Oh, you awful!" says the beautiful spy, furious at having her disguise penetrated. "Which hollow tooth *is* it, for heaven's sake?" "What d'you mean, which hollow tooth?" asks the diplomat, in mock surprise. "The one you 've got the secret plans in, stupid," says Lola, stamping. "You jolly well earn your money, sweetheart," says the diplomat, smiling and closing his eyes. "You look like hell in that beard, too," he adds, as the beautiful girl turns in tears to the instrument cabinet. "If you was anything of a gentleman," she retorts, "you 'd give a working girl a chance, instead of acting so stuck-up."

As he is leaving, after a lot of cynical back-chat, it turns out that the hollow tooth in question is the gold-mounted elk's tooth on his watch-chain. Is that poor girl mad! After extracting three, too!

That 's the way young diplomats get themselves disliked by Phillips Oppenheim.

Getaway

IT will be interesting to see what happens to the Action Française organisation now that the French Government has officially dissolved it, following the attack on M. Blum. It took a bigger crack on the jaw than it would ever admit about ten years ago, when the Vatican condemned its philosophy, and the numbers of stalwart young men selling its daily newspaper outside the Paris churches—"*Action Française, journal royaliste!*" was one of the familiar Paris cries—noticeably dwindled. Before that practically all the healthy and turbulent youth of the Latin Quarter and half France were disciples of MM. Maurras and Daudet.

As shock-troops they were pretty good. We once saw a smallish group of them sweep away a Communist mob five times as big like chaff. If they had a fault, it was they always wanted to be up and bashing somebody, nor did the daily articles of their stout and bellicose chief, Léon Daudet, tend to cool their blood. What prose! What vigour! What a journalist!

The most brilliant feat of the Action Française lads was getting M. Daudet out of the Santé prison in June 1927. They managed it by some method not yet revealed, involving certain telephone calls, apparently from the Cabinet, urgent and official. Since the Governor of the Santé authenticated these calls and was quite satisfied, it 's obvious that there was some highly-organised and extremely clever work afoot. Daudet and his colleague Delest, dumb with surprise, were hastily liberated, and next morning all France rocked with laughter except the Cabinet and the police, who looked fifty-seven kinds of fool, and the unfortunate prison governor, whose good faith was never questioned, and who was duly punished. We 've heard many versions of the way the trick was done, but none of them is satisfactory. It was a much bigger national joke than the Koepenick affair, and it ought to be preserved in the archives.

"Now do Shirley Temple, Ernest"

Yoohoo, Wheelmen

DIPPING into the new book on Queen Victoria by Edith Sitwell, the only woman writing in England who never gives one a pain in the ear, we were delighted to find that on the Queen's second Jubilee the City of Coventry presented her with a bicycle, which, to Lord Salisbury's embarrassment, she accepted, though she never rode it.

Bicycling was highly fashionable in 1897, and duchesses in billowing sleeves rode round and round the squares, falling off, when inevitable, with dignified acquiescence in the wishes of Fate. Mr. Shaw had a bicycle, apparently, at that period; also a red beard. We 're told its name (the bicycle's) was George Bernard, so called after Mr. Shaw's life-long hero.

"Damn that banana skin!"

His beard was nameless—a typically witty Shavian gesture in an age when respectable British beards all had names, like "Rover," "Dinty," or "Sea View." A young and erring uncle of ours was turned out of doors with his nameless beard ("and never darken my doorstep again") in 1889. However, as to bicycles—Society discarded them—this is common knowledge—after the Faughhaughton Towers scandal of 1902, when a midnight bicycle-eating party took place and was later denounced by Mr. Gladstone in the House. Six bicycles in all were eaten at this party, to the music of a Blue Hungarian Band, the guests waltzing between mouthfuls and encouraging each other with hysterical cries. This killed bicycling as a Society sport.

Tricycling, on the other hand, may leap back into its old social position any day; though the Oxford Tricycle Club, founded a year or two ago, has failed temporarily, we're told, for lack of sponges—the special kind of small sponge kept in the tool-bag and used for cleaning the celluloid collar which has to be worn with tricycles. Those members who washed used them for washing and soon wore them out. Others gave them to women, and a few emotional ones joined the Group Movement and of course got no further thrill out of sponging celluloid collars.

Nevertheless, tricycling is coming back, they say, puzzling though that third wheel always is.

Budapest to Balleroo

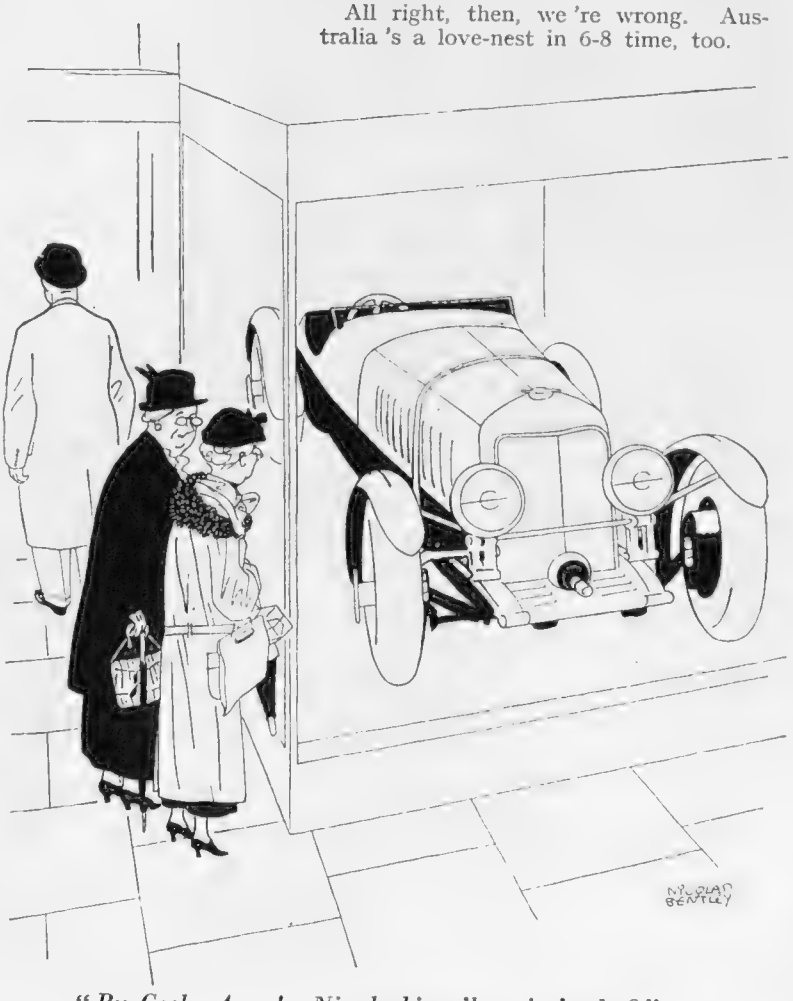
It's something of a shock to find a musical play which doesn't involve Budapest or Vienna, and the authors of the new Palace show certainly deserve a good mark for originality. Their piece is laid in the wilds of Australia sixty years ago, and if a chorus of hairy bushrangers isn't quite as obviously romantic as a chorus of Viennese cavalry lieutenants—well, you can't have everything. We know Budapest better than Australia, never having been so far south, and it's quite possible that hearts may beat as langourously under the moon in either place. It's entirely a matter of the point of view, anyway.

A Budapest lawyer's secretary once told us she yearned to go to Leeds, having a probably false idea of the gaiety of that glamorous city. This curious statement was made within a stone's-throw of the romantic Danube, with the Citadel and the Bastion floodlit, and brightly-lighted vessels passing along the historic river, and the beautiful Hungarian capital looking under the stars like a stage-setting by Ernst Stern.

The average bookkeeper in Vienna, again, doesn't spend his time waltzing, and his life may be even duller than a bookkeeper's in Huddersfield. What we're driving at is that all the musical-comedy stuff about Budapest and-or-Vienna tends to give one a false impression of such fabulous places. We once lived in Paris, and the night-life of Montmartre came by degrees to look to us just like a visit to the "Zoo"; just as exhilarating, and equally as important. But don't let us put you off. As a week-end change from the West End it's fine.

Meanwhile we have to revise our ideas of Australia. We've always thought it a pretty grim, purposeful sort of place, inhabited entirely by sheep, cricketers, Maoris, and politicians, its sole contributions to modern civilisation being Melba, Flotsam (or is it Jetsam?), and that admirable pianist, "Bill" Murdoch.

All right, then, we're wrong. Australia's a love-nest in 6-8 time, too.



"By Gosh, Amy! Nice-looking 'bus, isn't she?"

Tub

A PARISIAN collector, we observe, has just paid twelve thousand francs for the blade of a guillotine, said to be the one which beheaded Louis XVI. Apparently Sanson, the executioner, bequeathed it as an heirloom to his descendants. It is mounted on a base, with engravings, and seems just the thing for a wedding-present. Such relics interest us the more because we once had a long wrangle with an American connoisseur over Marat's bath—the one Charlotte Corday stabbed him in. Not only was this bath, complete with blood-stains, among the waxworks, in the Musée Grévin in Paris, but it was also being exhibited at the same time in America by Mr. Ringling, Barnum's successor. Each was the authentic article, clearly proving—such was the state of frenzy we got to eventually—that Marat was in two baths when he got bumped off.

The American connoisseur said all right, then, Marat was in two baths. Very probably, he said, this made Charlotte feel damn silly, calling on a gentleman and seeing him in two baths at once. All right, we said; she felt silly, and began free-wheeling to conceal her embarrassment. Free-wheeling? he asked, in surprise. Yes, we said, on her bicycle. Getting madder and madder, she struck at Marat with her bicycle-pump, so he at once knew she was an aristocrat in disguise.

This conversation (we said, at last, grabbing at our hair and half hysterical) ensued:

MARAT: Aristo!
CHARLOTTE: Oh! Meany!
MARAT: I would add that you are a cad.
CHARLOTTE (clapping): Poetry!
MARAT: And what is more, you 've raised a bump with your blasted pump.
CHARLOTTE: I 'll bet you can't rhyme " bicycle," Marat.
MARAT: And what a bicycle!
CHARLOTTE: That 's enough, Marat.
MARAT: If I weren't in a couple of baths I 'd give you a nice contusion, or maybe a big abrasion of the knee-cap or something.
CHARLOTTE: Never mind my knee-caps.
MARAT: And what knee-caps!

This reflection on her knee-caps (whose names were Toto and Binette) made Charlotte so furious that she took a knife from her tool-bag and stabbed Marat to death, exclaiming: " Government by, to, or from the people, for the people, of the people, rat the people "—a crack afterwards attributed to Abraham Lincoln.

High Street

PICCADILLY, as Mr. Goodhart-Rendel remarked to the London Society the other day, certainly is the High Street of " Town " and the backbone of London gaiety, beginning, as it does with a music-hall and ending with the Duke of Wellington. (Unfortunately it isn't a music-hall now and the Duke generally isn't there, but why spoil a neat phrase?) Piccadilly is a very satisfying street. A man living in Albany has most of the civilised necessities right at hand — books, tea, minute-steak, stuffed tigers, shirts, sermons at St. James's, suits, pictures at the R.I., seasickness tablets, horse-whips for horse-whipping men who speak lightly of a woman's name, and so forth.

Another valuable aspect of Piccadilly we discovered by chance from a 'bus-top recently. In a room in that grim row of buildings masking Burlington House and inhabited by learned societies, the heavy curtains weren't drawn, and a circle of reverend bald heads clustered round a mahogany table in the shaded lamp-light, exactly like a Rembrandt. They may have been the Royal Geological Society discussing a fossilised member. Who knows? Anyway, they had only to nip out and across the road to be right in the middle of the whirl of shapely legs at Prince's in three minutes. That 's what gives Science just that added dash of excitement, and you get it exclusively in Piccadilly. (The only decent legs the South Kensington scientific boys ever see are those on Queen Anne chairs.)

Another interesting thing about Piccadilly is that though it has a churchyard they won't bury you in it. They agree with the Rev. Dr. Chasuble's severe remark concerning the man who wanted to be buried in Paris—" it hardly points to any very serious state of mind at the last." Fortunately so few people can afford to die in Piccadilly nowadays that it doesn't much matter.

Silver Screen Note

WE writing chaps are so proud of the improved social condition of the Profession — all the best people are in it: bishops and actresses and jockeys, politicians and debutantes and boxers, peers and Mayfair hostesses and big business men and practically everybody important—that we 're more than interested to hear Prince Nicholas of Greece has just sold a film story. As it stands, its theme sounds rather charming—the love of a famous sculptress for a young man whom she helps to win a world competition.

By the time it appears on the screen it 'll probably be an Eskimo romance or a gangster film. We don't know. The last big box-office hit to date is the *Bounty* film, so it may turn out eventually to be a sea-piece with a frightful mutiny.

THE BYSTANDERS

" Just thought you 'd like to know — the new by-pass is coming plum through here "

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Mr. Martin Armstrong: By A. G. Macdonell

THE young can never understand the old and most cruelly make no effort to try to; the old try desperately hard to understand the young, but never succeed either. That seems to me to be the general theme of Mr. Martin Armstrong's *Venus Over Lannery* (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), and if I am right in thinking so, and if he is right in saying so, then his book would appear to prove that Mr. Armstrong is perfectly balanced upon the exact middle of middle-age. For he certainly understands young and old alike. "Lannery" is a country-house where a very lovely elderly lady keeps open house for some young creatures who drop in from time to time, and an open court for contemporaries who have always adored her. The lives and loves and passions of the young folk are sometimes described through Mr. Armstrong's understanding eyes, and sometimes through the conversations of the older people, who also are seen through the same discerning telescope. The most brilliant of all the characterisations is the shallow, stupid, tiresome, girl who almost badgers a prominent young actor to death and finally shoots him to death, and at the end faces the scaffold with such courage that you suddenly realise that she was not really shallow at all but was consumed with an overwhelming love. The way, also, in which she played havoc with the other young man, the shy one, is extraordinarily well done, and so is the way in which the other married couple, each of them determined to be boss in the house, settle down at last to give-and-take. But the old people are viewed with an eye of equal discernment, and the last pages, with the funeral of the lovely lady and the dumb grief of the old man and the passing of the old order, are very beautiful. Mr. Armstrong is a poet and that explains a lot of his power of understanding the hearts of the rising and the sinking generations.

"REGENCY" (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.) is a very long four-generation novel of uneven quality. Mr. D. L. Murray opens with some typical Corinthian, Brummelish, scenes, and, having caught the reader's attention, throws it away by making his heroine into a fast over-hand bowler in an important cricket match. After this ridiculous scene, he goes back to his best style for a bit. The middle of the book is solidly built and rolls on in a massively impressive way, but I must say I found the final scenes, with the sudden appearance of the drug traffic, and the famous anti-drug policeman, and the chase down the Brighton Road in the snow, and the trunk murder, were all tinged with some absurdity as the cricket match a hundred years earlier.

MISS MARGERY ALLINGHAM has worked her way up to a worthy place among the tiny hierarchy of front-rankers in the detective world. It is a curious thing, by the way, that ladies are so extraordinarily good at the technique of violent crime. Miss Dorothy Sayers and Mrs. Agatha Christie can wield a blunt instrument with any man, or plan an alibi, or bamboozle a policeman. But so far as my limited experience goes, the lady detective has not made any great mark in the fiction itself. But she will come, she will come.

"FLOWERS FOR THE JUDGE" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.) is Miss Allingham's latest, and it is in the best and most classical tradition. Paul Brande is a partner in a famous old publishing firm, and one fine morning he is found dead, of carbon monoxide poisoning, in the strong-room of the firm, with the door locked on the outside. The police, feeling apparently that even publishers are entitled to the protection of the law, take the matter up and soon have a clear case against Paul's cousin, Mike. But the charming young Mr. Albert Campion came strolling vaguely along and took up the case for Mike. Campion's "slender, drooping figure, pale ingenuous face and sleek yellow hair were rendered all the more indefinite by the immense and unusually solid horn-rimmed spectacles he chose to affect," but his brain was a redoubtable one. In fact, I think Albert Campion is quite one of the most efficient amateurs at present in practice. He is, of course, considerably helped by the ex-cat burglar Lugg who acts as his butler, valet, and confidential adviser. Lugg is a richly comic character in the grand manner. Gradually Campion unravels the whole twisted story, but he cannot find the essential proof that will pin the crime on the real murderer, and Mike is tried for his life. The dénouement is dramatic and original, and the case collapses at the critical moment. Naturally I do not intend to give the secret away, but I can assure you that *Flowers for the Judge* is one of the very best of recent detective novels.

Lord Castlerosse in Morocco

Arnaud-Massy, the French golf champion, and Lord Castlerosse had been playing golf on the Marrakech course which has been most popular with English politicians and journalists this winter

SIR ANTHONY JENKINSON is a shrewd observer and a very well-informed one as well. His *America Came My Way* (Barker; 10s. 6d.) is the record of a first visit to the United States in which he travelled from coast to coast, discussed politics in Minnesota, "did" the Grand Canyon, interviewed Upton Sinclair during his incredible election-campaign in California, and, of course, dropped in to Hollywood. There he met all the usual people and lost his heart to Shirley Temple and visited the Mickey Mouse studios. At New Orleans he had a long talk with Huey Long, but by a very queer slip of craftsmanship Sir Anthony has not brought this chapter up to date. A book published at the end of February 1936 surely ought not to be estimating the presidential chances of a man who was killed in September 1935. The same thing applies to his remarks about Will Rogers who died in August 1935. I emphatically disagree with his opinion that American football is a better game than Soccer or Rugger, but I found his chapter on the famous Walter Winchell most illuminating. Very few people in this country have heard of Winchell, the columnist. Sir Anthony explains that "his is a world that is just about as far removed from England as is the other side of the moon. It is a world that revolves at break-neck speed, unchecked by laws, either human or divine. Ruthless yet glamorous, it is a world of bitter feuds and mad ambitions, a hard world in which human beings lose all sense of peace and purpose, and are whirled around in a mad vortex of tempestuous emotions." That is a pretty good description of a certain side of New York life.

F. J. Gutmann

The Lady Glenconner

Lord Glenconner's second wife is dark, slight, attractively youthful-looking; she was Elizabeth Powell before her marriage last summer, and is the elder daughter of Lt.-Col. George Powell. Her father used to be in the Grenadier Guards, and then was Member for South-East Southwark from 1931 till the last Election, when he lost the seat. Lord Glenconner was in the Navy, succeeded his father in 1920 (his elder brother, Edward Wyndham Tennant, was killed in the War), has two sons by his first wife, owns Glen, the famous Tennant place in Peeblesshire, and is a nephew of Lady Oxford and Mrs. Walter Elliot

Hurrell, Hollywood

Lent to America

Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton

The Frank Lawtons are still in the United States but have moved East, from Hollywood to New York. Evelyn Laye has gone into the Broadway edition of "Sweet Aloes" (in Diana Wynyard's part), which opened on Monday; and Frank Lawton is also liable to do some Broadway stage work before they move on again. He finished a film in Hollywood a month or so ago—a thriller called "The Invisible Ray," with Boris Karloff

"Bystander" Short Story No. 27

Moon-Tigers

By Christine Jope-Slade

Illustration by D. L. Mays

"Look what they've done to my neck"

"HEAVENS!" she said. "Mosquitoes adore you, don't they?"

His fingers explored the angry hummocks on his neck and face ruefully.

"You know," she said, brightly explanatory, "they say in Nice that it is because the English aren't flavoured with garlic that the mosquitoes adore them so."

He had only arrived at the little hotel yesterday; but for the night's havoc wrought by the mosquitoes she would never have spoken to him. Now she was glad because she was wise, and she knew things, and she could be constructive and helpful.

"You must buy some moon-tigers," she told him, brightly competent and knowledgeable. "You can get them at any chemists. I got mine at Steinmann's in the Rue de France."

His shy, amused blue eyes looked at her direct. His India was full of her type, running their homes and their menfolk with extreme competence; not quite so fresh-looking as this Riviera Englishwoman perhaps; but women of precisely her calibre.

"The little brutes don't only just like me," he told her, in his attractive, lazy voice. "They revel. They tuck their little table-napkins into their little waistcoats French fashion; and there is serious feasting under the Southern moon."

She laughed, dismissing his phantasies tolerantly. Her alert, clean profile was stern but charming.

"Do you speak French?"

"Not so 's the French notice."

Her laugh was pleasant. Her own interpretation of the French language was grammatically correct and as involuntarily, patriotically British as a cricket pad.

"Oh, well," she said tolerantly. "They all understand English. It 's marvellous. Ever been here before?"

"Never. By the way, could you tell me, *do* they have post-offices over here, and *is* the sale of stamps illegal?"

"Post-offices are rather few and far between, but all the tobacconists sell stamps."

"Wonderful country," he submitted. "Do I go to an umbrella shop for mushrooms?"

After that their friendship progressed by leaps and bounds. There was always something she could tell him; simple things, like how to get to places, and what he should pay. She was as bursting with accurate information as some women are with inaccurate confidences.

She revelled in imparting her knowledge to this greenhorn from the far-flung outposts of the Empire. Sometimes she became a little too informative, a shade too emphatic a cicerone. A slight look of impatient weariness clouded his pleasant blue eyes; but he was grateful to her and he absorbed all the knowledge she had to impart with amazing celerity. She on her side had never been so happy. She loved the way he sought her council, deferred to her. All the patience and accuracy with which she had acquired her knowledge of the French Riviera was suddenly magnificently justified.

"One *has* to be self-reliant," she said. "There are too many women in the world now for men to bother about them."

He hailed her as a Britannia and a Baedeker among women. He gave thanks unto her for her moon-tigers, which had rescued him from the ravages of the Riviera mosquito, for her knowledgeable Riviera thrift which saved his francs, for her geographical and transport gifts which conserved his time and temper.

He had a way of picking up and acquiring bits of information that had eluded her. It nettled her a little. The pupil was outstripping the teacher.

"You 'll be teaching me soon," she said.

"That would be impossible," he replied, with a very gentle irony that escaped her.

He was banked down to suffocation point with all the knowledge she had imparted when The Girl appeared; an ordinary girl, but rather vague and helpless.

The first morning in the little lounge, The Girl drifted through, all worried. She said:

"I wonder—they haven't any stamps, and I must post these letters."

The man spoke gladly, easing some of his knowledge on her with pride and an emotion that almost amounted to gratitude.

" You get them at a tobacconist's out here. Comic country."

" Fancy," her wondering blue eyes rested on him thoughtfully. She had been going to ask him if he personally had any stamps. " Thank you," she said, and meandered on.

" Why not find out a simple thing like that before you come out here ? " the woman who knew everything demanded impatiently.

" Oh, I don't know," defended the man. " There is always someone who will tell you."

After lunch, when they were having coffee in the lounge, the man anchored the girl with a single direct question as she was drifting by.

" Did you get your stamps all right ? "

" Yes—thanks to you. I wonder, could you tell me—what is the best way to get to Monte Carlo ? "

" Do you speak French ? " the man demanded.

" Oh—you know . . . just like that," her little shy smile was charming and deprecating.

" That 's the way I speak it," acknowledged the man. " Just a slight school hangover of a language."

Her incompetence irritated the older woman.

" You can get a map of Nice."

" I 'm so stupid with maps," she objected.

" The buses start from the Place Messina," said the man eagerly. " Look here ! I 'll draw you a simple little map you can't fail to understand. You take a return ticket. It 's cheaper. You 're going to the Beach ? It 's marvellous ! "

" Do I need a passport ? " queried the girl uncertainly.

" What for ? " the woman who knew everything said curtly. " Monte Carlo is in France."

" Perhaps you wanted to stop at the Casino and play ? " the man queried gently. " Then you need a passport. You don't pay. They give you a green ticket for the day. No one looks at it. It 's all very simple."

" I don't think I 'd like to alone," hesitated the girl.

" No one will even look at you," mentioned the woman.

" No," said the girl. " I know they won't. I wasn't thinking of that."

" I 'll go with you the first time if you want to go," offered the man. " It is a bit awkward if you 've never been before," he submitted to his companion. He wondered why he made that gauche gesture.

" Oh, no," said the girl ; and her little flush of shy embarrassment was pretty if you liked those infantile reactions to slight social courtesies. " Your sister . . ."

" I am not his sister," said the Riviera sage.

II.

THE next day the girl was ruefully fingering her face. There were angry, purplish mosquito bites all over it.

" By Jove ! " said the man from India sympathetically. " The brutes have got you all right."

" I 'm covered in them," admitted the girl. " My neck and arms. I hardly had any sleep " ; she was nearly in tears.

Before the wise woman of the Riviera could open her erudite mouth, the man burst out :

" Let me give you one of my moon-tigers to-night. They 're marvellous. They 'll do the trick."

" Moon-tigers ? " she was as wide-eyed as a baby. " What are they ? "

" They are a sort of Japanese incense—green coils you put on a little stand and burn. They burn for about six hours, and cover you with a little tent of invisible smoke that the mosquito can't penetrate. It 's harmless to men and animals, but death to mosquitoes."

" How marvellous ! " and her eyes and her voice marvelled admiringly.

" I 'll light one for you to-night," he promised eagerly. " Let it burn with windows and doors shut for ten minutes, then you can open your window again as much as you like."

That night he lit her moon-tiger. The woman who knew so much heard him closing shutters and windows in the little room next to hers. He heard the girl's soft, wondering laughter as he placed the little jade-green coil on its little tin base. From the quality of her laughter, the simple, childish service he did her might have been some difficult and intricate rite.

It must have been three hours later, after midnight, the Woman heard the Girl knock on the Man's door.

She sat up, indignant, outraged and helpless.

" Oh, dear," said the soft, supplicating voice. " I *am* so sorry to bother you, but *have* you any matches—my moon-tiger has gone out, and they are biting like mad. Oh, dear ! I *am* being a nuisance to you ! "

Sleepy sounds of happy reassurance on that point reached the Woman through the paper-thin walls of the little hotel.

She opened her door.

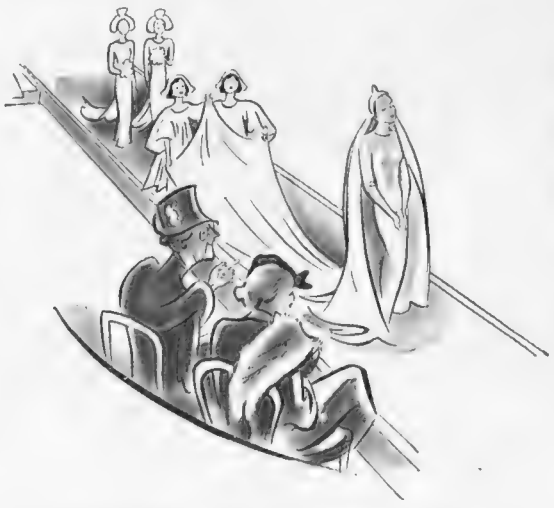
" Look what they 've done to my neck," the Girl was saying.

(*Concluded on page* viii)

Buyers From More Than Sixty Countries . . .

Impressions From Olympia

F. L. Lowen Visited the British Industries Fair



Wish-Fulfilment, or, Fashions for Brides

The Ostrich Hears the News—

—That the King said : " If anything I could say would help to bring ostrich feathers back into fashion, I would say it "

The Stoker: A Camera Study by Anthony

Films of the Day

Mr. Korda's Great Gamble

By George Campbell

Harold Lloyd in "The Milky Way"

Harold Lloyd's new film has just started its run at the Carlton. It's in the Lloyd tradition of crazy farce, with the hero as a milkman turned boxer, and Adolphe Menjou as his trainer

"AMAZING!", "Terrific!", "Stupendous!"—all the adjectives in the press agent's dictionary are being lavished on *Things to Come*, not without pretty good reason. In my opinion it is semi-colossal.

Alexander Korda is a great producer. He is also a great gambler. Let the Greek Syndicate or one of the big baccarat punters stake a quarter of a million pounds on the turn of a card, and the popular papers would all carry front-page stories for a week. Mr. Korda has staked this, and more, on a chance that most people in the trade thought considerably worse than evens. Now, of course, they are hedging. If the public are only half as enthusiastic as the critics, Mr. Korda can't very well lose; but the coup required courage—more courage than any producer has shown since the £800,000 *Ben Hur*. Always excepting the Warner brothers—and the men who thought *A Midsummer Night's Dream* would make money were not so much courageous as crazy.

People said, naturally, that Mr. Korda was crazy, too. To risk £260,000 on a picture about the future, with practically no love story, no pretty frocks (unless you can so describe the Grecian tunics plus running shorts designed by John Armstrong and Lady Queensberry and worn by Pearl Argyle), no star name, except Mr. Wells's, that means anything to the average film fan here or abroad—it *does* seem a little reckless. But no more reckless, in retrospect, than a film about a long-dead and bloody-minded monarch, or another about the amorous adventures of a ghost.

WELL, salute to Mr. Korda; salute to Mr. Wells; salute to William Cameron Menzies, who directed. They have done a grand job, and they will have their fill of praise. But don't let us forget one other man without whose extraordinary skill the production would have been impossible. There is no greater expert in the world than Ned Mann, the Hollywood specialist in trick photography, and in *Things to Come* he has excelled himself. I was on the set during production. I know roughly, without being a technician, how the effects are obtained, yet I was unable to detect a single sign of faking on the screen.

"OF course, you know it's all done with mirrors!" confided a dear old lady to a friend in my hearing, whereupon her friend paused to visualise the amenities of her bedroom and said, impressed: "Well, *really*! What *will* they think of next?"

I could, if you pressed me, amplify the old lady's theory; I could launch into long technical explanations, with special reference to double exposure, models, the Dunning process, the Schuften process, and all the rest of it; but space is tight, time is short, and I don't know such a lot about it, anyway. So never mind how this or that is done. Isn't it enough that the illusion is complete?—that for all dramatic purposes the sky is really filled with hostile 'planes, that giant dental drills are seen blasting away hills of rock like cheese, that characters can and do step into a private helicopter runabout that goes straight up, comes straight down, and then taxies docilely up to the front door, that a man and a girl are shut in an exploratory projectile and sent rocketing into space. (This last is an invention which supplies a long-felt want.)

Altogether an extraordinary picture, conceived with enormous courage, produced with amazing skill. (Heavens, here I am talking like a press agent, too!) What its success at the box-office would involve us in (imitations? a series? a whole Hollywood cycle?) is something too formidable to bear thinking of. Already the Radio people in Hollywood have bought Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, and if *Things to Come* does prove a winner, I have no doubt the Huxley story will soon be in production. A marvellous film it should make, full of a humanity, a witty invention, a brilliant satiric fun at the expense of the world here and now, in all of which *Things to Come* is strangely lacking. There is fire and passion, half-comic, half-tragic, and wholly moving, in the love of the Savage for the lovely Lenina, whose costume was so handy that with a *zip-zip-zip* on her zipper she could step right out of it; a good script writer could get endless comedy out of the Feelies ("Every Hair on the Bearskin Mat!") and the Smellies; and what fun Mr. Mann would have with the Central Hatchery for babies, and the photographing of sixty-four twin-Epsilons, and the crossing of the Atlantic by the "Pacific Rocket." A brave new world, indeed; and (what is more important at the box-office) an exciting and brilliantly entertaining one.

"Public Nuisance No. 1"

June and Arthur Riscoe are teamed in a new British musical comedy film that went into the Plaza programme last Friday. Mr. Charlot has also picked this team for his new stage revue, "The Town Talks," which opens next week

THE other new pictures, being wholly standardised, call for little comment. You have seen them all before, under various titles, and I have not the slightest doubt that you will enjoy them all again. I certainly found both *'Frisco Kid* and *Riffraff* excellent entertainment; but then, I am a Jimmy Cagney - Jean Harlow - Spencer Tracy fan. Miss Harlow used to confess modestly to being the original and only genuine platinum blonde. Now she has gone brown, explaining coyly that this is her natural colour. I don't care two pins what she was originally or naturally, nor, I suspect, does anybody else; I only know I liked her better platinum.

TWO British comedies will also have a big public—*Jack of All Trades*, starring Jack Hulbert, and *When Knights Were Bold* (Jack Buchanan). Our two leading comedians have plenty of opportunities to sing, dance, and do their comic stuff; and I really don't remember when I have seen them in better form.

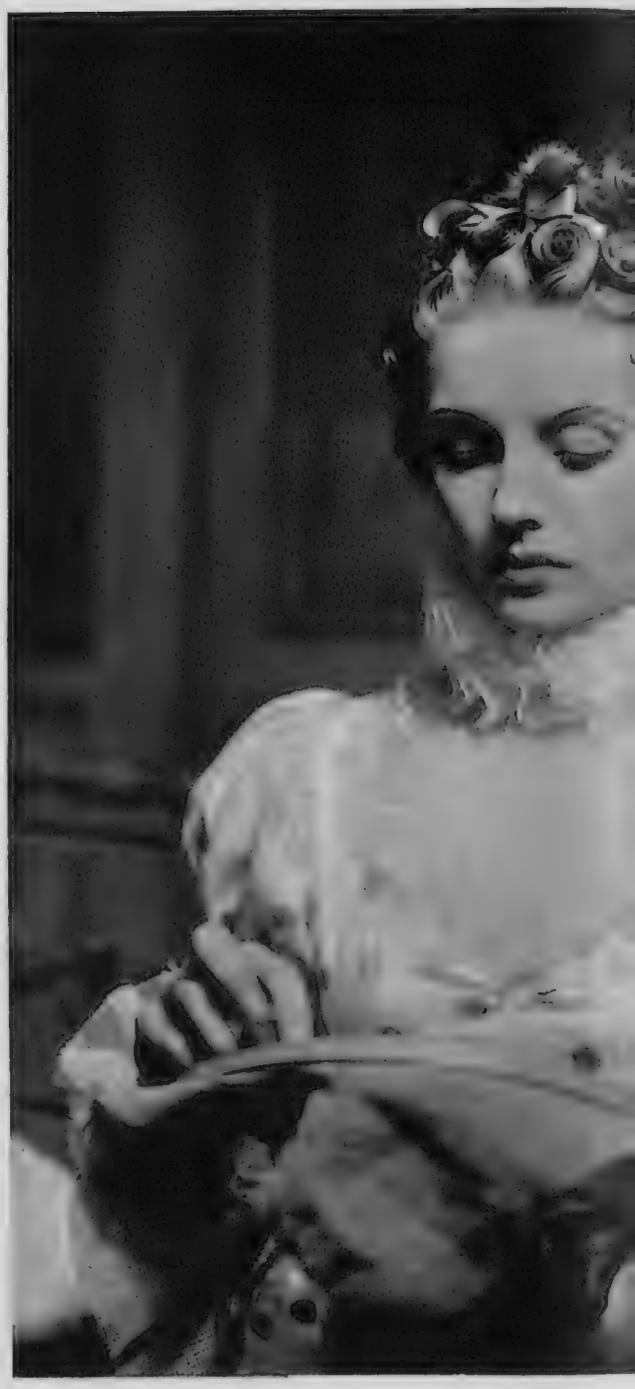
Howard Coster

The Hon. William Brownlow

William Brownlow, Lord Lurgan's only son, has three reputations—as a singer, as a golfer, as a real tennis player. Music is his serious pre-occupation; he has a most attractive baritone voice, and has specialised for some years in the work of contemporary composers. His next engagement is on March 15th in the second concert of Mrs. Augustus Ralli's British Artists series, at the Hyde Park Hotel, when he is singing Shakespearean songs to modern settings. As a golfer he played for Britain in the Walker Cup team of 1926, and belongs to Addington and Swinley Forest. As a real tennis player he is as crazy about the game as they all are, and plays at the famous old court at Hampton Court, which has never been out of use since it was built four hundred years ago

Jane Auste

Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennet



Dorothy Hyson as Jane B

"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE" in the stage form tha
contrived of the Jane Austen novel was produced
Theatre. The play delighted New York with its wit
resemblance of Miss Austen's eighteenth-century family in
to the middle-class family of to-day pleased the America
Bennets' more direct descendants on this side. Gilbert
has collected a grand cast; besides Celia Johnson, Dorot
as Elizabeth, Jane and Lydia, Athole Stewart and B
mamma Bennet, Hugh Williams is Mr. D'Arcy, John
and Miss Bingley, Eva Moore is Lady Catherine de Bu
adopted the eighteenth-century as his own, designed

Photographs by John Everard

n Comes to Life

The Three Bennet Sisters in "Pride and Prejudice"

et

Right: Lueen Macgrath as Lydia Bennet

Below: the Bennet Sisters in a Rex Whistler Setting

elen Jerome has brilliantly Thursday at St. James's liveliness; the surprising sentiments and snobberies aygoer just as it does the er who produced the play, Hyson and Lueen Macgrath a Everest are papa and and Viola Lyel are Mr. Rex Whistler, who has lovely settings and dresses

Hay Wrightson

Miss Charlotte Younger and Lord Reay

These two announced their engagement last November, and have decided on St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, and April 14th (Easter Tuesday) as the place and date of their wedding. Lord Reay's barony is a Scottish one, dating from 1628; he is also Baron Mackay van Ophemert in Holland where he owns a property, and Chief of the Clan Mackay. His fiancée was introduced in grand style to the London Clan Mackay Society at their annual dinner a week or two ago. She is the only daughter of the late William Younger and Mrs. Younger, of Ravenswood, Melrose; and one of her two brothers, William McEwan Younger, announced his engagement in February to Nora Elizabeth Balfour, the daughter of Colonel and Lady Ruth Balfour, of Balbirnie, Fife

ROBERT DOUGLAS AND GILLIAN LIND IN "NO EXIT"

"No Exit" is one of the Hampstead Embassy's unceasing flow of contributions to the West End theatre programme. It's in the "Ten-Minutes Alibi" tradition—a thriller with a plot complicated and exciting enough to keep the audience tense and guessing. Robert Douglas is the hero—his first appearance in London since he married Dorothy Hyson and went to New York for the autumn season. Gillian Lind is the heroine at the St. Martin's; her clever acting gives a ballast of probability to the story in its less plausible flights

John Everard

PASSING SHOWMEN

Familiar Figures in the London Scene

No. 9. Van Dyne, Tattooed Lecturer

VAN DYNE lectures on his gaol experiences and on prison reform. This, because he was once convicted for felonious assault, and spent three months in prison before it was discovered he was not guilty—which saved him another six years as a guest of the Government. He is a Boer, and by trade a ship's fireman. His face has taken a year to tattoo to its present ornamental complexity, and he intends to continue the process over the rest of his body. "For the films," he says vaguely, when he's asked why

Right : Siggins just fails to convert Ireland's first try against Scotland from a difficult angle on the "straw-sick" Murrayfield ground. The Irish beat the home team by 10 points to 4 ; they have now to defeat Wales if they are to retain the championship

Below : W. A. H. Chapman (Richmond) has been taken cleanly in a fast tackle. Richmond beat Old Merchant Taylors at the Athletic Ground by 16 points to 6

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

The Welsh-Irish Prospects

I HAVE been whirled out to Murrayfield in the sort of fast car which crime reporters respect, leaving Edinburgh deplorably late and arriving just in time for the match. I have been rolled serenely to the outskirts of Murrayfield in a Rolls-Royce masquerading as a taxi, with plenty of time left for the long walk past the one-string fiddler. On the whole, I think the best way of reaching the ground is probably by train.

I make these random remarks because I still think that the Scottish Union could afford to build another bridge or two on the way to the car park. I will not add that I think the Scottish Selectors could afford to find a better team, even if the word "afford" is used in the Pickwickian sense, and despite the fact that opinion in Edinburgh after the Irish match did not appear to rate Scotland very high.

I WILL, indeed, venture to suggest that Scotland were a little unfortunate that afternoon. The frost had deprived most of the Scottish players of match practice for three weeks or so, and it was evident that the team took some while to settle down. What is more, the Irishmen were full of confidence, and it seemed to me that on the day a potentially good team was beaten by an actually better team. If that is too complicated for you, let me add that I fancy Scotland will give England a considerable shaking in the Calcutta Cup match at Twickenham.

I like the look of the Scottish forwards. They took some time to get together, but they were up against the best pack in the four home countries, and in the second half they began to take its measure. V. G. Weston, the newcomer, is a rare hard worker in the loose, and the other Scottish scrummagers know their stuff up to a point. I say "up to a point" because the modern forward stops short of such old-fashioned things as the wheel and the straight shove, but this Scottish pack has life and strength and willingness to commend it.

I WONDER if there is a minor revolution taking place at last where forward play is concerned ? We find the English Selectors choosing heavy men like Clarke and Webb, presumably with a view to their solid scrummaging capabilities. We find the Scottish Selectors choosing eight good forwards, irrespective of their specialist positions in the pack. We find the Welshmen beginning to shove in the back row. As for the Irishmen, they have produced the nearest thing to a decent orthodox pack that we have seen for years.

IF Ireland win the championship we shall certainly begin to think afresh about forward tactics. I do not wish to minimise the work of the Irish backs, but they would be the first to say that the forwards have made victory against England and Scotland possible. Watch this Irish pack carefully, and you will note its cohesion in the tight, the hollowed backs and the close binding which betoken sound scrummaging.

You will note also the fact that there is no clumsiness in the tight. When the ball is heeled it is heeled fast and cleanly, which means a combination of properly-timed shoving and careful watching of the ball so that feet are not misplaced. And the ball is not automatically heeled. It is sometimes kept deliberately, and even wheeled away, not often enough, but sufficiently often to remind us what a powerful weapon the wheel, judiciously used, may be.

A good scrummaging pack, and the Irish forwards are no sluggards in the loose. I maintain resolutely that Ireland have the best International pack we have seen for quite a number of years, and for that reason alone Ireland deserve to win the championship again. Whether they will do so is another matter, but what a game they will have against Wales at Cardiff on Saturday week, to be sure ! That should be the game of the year, for upon it the championship depends, and neither side will let the chance slip easily.

ON paper Wales are more dangerous with such players as Cliff Jones and Wooller behind the scrummage, but only a rash prophet would unhesitatingly tip them to win. The Welsh forwards have been adequate so far, but a regard for truth compels me to say that they are a ragged lot. The Irish pack may subdue them, and then the best backs in the world will be powerless.

Mind you, Wales have sufficient football sense to overcome Irish tactics if they are not too badly beaten forward. It is not always a fatal thing to lose the ball in the tight, and I can well imagine that Jones and Wooller will pounce very swiftly upon any Irish mistakes. This is where Ireland would be so immensely helped by mastery of the wheel. Suppose that Wales are content to allow Ireland to heel, trusting upon opportunism to snap up the dropped pass or the knock-on, the Irish forwards will have to keep the ball and work their way to within close striking distance.

IT may appear that I am anxious for Ireland to win, but I hasten to clear myself of such a charge. If Ireland won mainly through sound scrummaging it would clearly be a good thing for the game, and an Irish victory is always deservedly popular. It would be equally beneficial, though, if a Welsh triumph gave a much-needed stimulus to the game in Wales, and certainly Wales have done well enough this year to earn this final satisfaction.

Actually I find myself equally divided in this matter. Ireland are a grand side, and any team which beats them has reason to be proud of itself. Wales have magnificent backs, but if they lose, the lesson that backs cannot win a match on their own will have been handsomely driven home.

HERE I may add that when Ireland played Scotland it was particularly noticeable that the Irish backs kept strictly on-side while the ball was in the scrummage. That was encouraging, for nothing harms the game more than the habit of standing off-side before the ball is heeled, and often enough it is due merely to over-keenness.

There is no doubt, at any rate, that this is proving the most interesting International season we have had for many years, and I think we may without exaggeration record a correspondingly steady improvement in the general standard of play.

Miss Alix Stephens

Alix Stephens is a good-looker who has got past that trying deb stage. Much in demand in West of Scotland and at Mürren where she Kandahars. Nordictype

Lady Hersey Boyle

Lady Hersey Boyle went to the States, taken by American friends for the winter, but seems to have returned sans American fiancé. Her downrightness and simplicity pleased over there. Twenty-one and delightful

Miss Hamilton-Wedderburn

Cecilia Hamilton-Wedderburn strikes us as very busy, hurrying here and there with happy contemporaries of both sexes. Her lower lids fold up in a fetching way

Miss Crichton-Stuart

Claudia Crichton-Stuart came out so young it's hard to remember she's not twenty-three yet. Sister Ismay Tiverton made grand marriage, divorced recently. Claudia fascinates with sex appeal plus charm

"Always be Nice to Girls; you never know who they will become"

(The late Lady Ailesbury to Lady Oxford when a girl.)

A Selection of Spinsters From Every Set: No. 9

Miss Diana and Miss Betty Cole

Miss Daphne Greenfield

Is another stage recruit from Society. Has looks to help her on but will probably get married. A friend of the Darnleys, she comes from Sussex. Clear, aquiline nose

Left: Diana and Betty Cole being step-daughters of Vice-Admiral Leggett, have probably met winning young sailors and are thinking them over. Typically English, they have the new tailored dress sense

Miss Bridget Greig

Wing-Commander Sir Louis' daughter is a sunny young person. Enjoys dancing with her much-decorated parent, who has moved in Court Circles for fifteen years

Countess Brydgytte Bentinck

Countess Brydgytte Bentinck, the spelling of whose name causes anxiety to journalists, has a long pedigree (Dutch), the good manners which match it and a broad brow

Miss Jean Underdown

Jean Underdown is not so known as brother Teddy who adorns Noel Coward's company. Looks like a pre-Raphaelite angel and thinks about racing. Unlike anyone else, which is refreshing

Miss Baba Redhead

This tiny brunette belonged to the Bright Young People. Now as quiet as they are now. Lived Kitzbühl for two years where she animated late nights in season and village fun

Miss Pelham-Clinton

Georgiana Pelham-Clinton, great-granddaughter of the 4th Duke of Newcastle, has Greek nose, rare in England, pink cheeks and dark waves. Likes country life and Scotch visits best. Devoted to her mother

Miss Nina Gartman

Is Russian and Lady Deterding's niece. Has success in Switzerland ski-ing and dancing. Small, neat and enthusiastic, she listens sympathetically and can play second fiddle

Miss Grizel Fyfe

Grizel Fyfe is only just coming out. Was at school with Mary Malcolm and is a friend of hers. A pretty little proof that the 1936 beauty standard is rising

Miss Iris Ashley

Iris Ashley began in cabaret, then stage, now screen. Real red-gold hair, milky skin and appealing Hulbert chin. An alluring creature. Writes stories, collects antiques and learns languages

Right: Frances Lorillard Ronalds is a carefully chaperoned American (rare this) who had a ball last year at Sunderland House and went to Klosters in the Grafton party. We hope a Britisher wins her pretty hand

Miss Frances Ronalds

Miss Ninette Heaton

Left: Ninette Heaton and mother, though American, spend more time with us. Brothers made sporting records in Switzerland: She shares family reticence, modesty, wavy hair and pretty teeth

Women's Golf:

Coming Events: By Eleanor E. Helme

A Golfer on Skis

Mlle. Francine Tollon, the French lady golf champion (and the idol of Worplesdon), is taking a ski-ing holiday at the Col de Voya, above Comblouse

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I TRUST I shall be able to write coherently, but when a shining green lady has just arrived at one's door, ready to take you to Northern, One Day, Scottish, Autumn or any other Foursomes, Championships, County Finals and what nots, may one not be forgiven a few tremors of excitement? New cars don't arrive at my door that often that I can take one as a matter of course, and if you say "This has nothing to do with women's golf," I shall retort that it has a great deal. There was the year of the Railway Strike when nothing but the wheels of an overloaded little car stood between Northern Foursomes and a week without organiser, sole American entrant, and Challenge Cups: another when the breakdown of an aged lady in the wilds of St. Helens was almost worse than the Strike. This year, humanly speaking, should be plain sailing up to Seacroft.

Entries, by the way, close on March 13th. With the ghastly weather of this winter it has been difficult to realise that the spring golfing season is upon us. I trust nobody will forget how near March 31st is really coming, when the Foursomes start, and the 13th is almost here.

SO far, functions have been most to the fore. At Bournemouth the other day the Bournemouth Midlanders' Society presented Miss Phyllis Wade with a beautiful old English cut-glass bowl, in appreciation of the splendid golf she had played in New Zealand and Australia. Of course, such golf, and such a tour, is its own reward; it would be quite impossible to overstate the lasting pleasure it gave, and will give all their lives, to the British Touring Team. At the same time it is extraordinarily pleasing to know that the old folks at home, so to speak, realise how great a responsibility lies on those who go out to the Dominions, and are forever after looked up to—or the reverse—there as patterns of British golfing girls. We have been told repeatedly how popular they all were with their generous hosts; it is good to know that they are equally appreciated in their own country.

MISS TONI RAMSDEN—now Mrs. Cecil Joll—was another centre of presentation the other day. Mrs. Claude Wilson, who really must love entertaining, for it was she who started the Forum Club BYSTANDER dinner and gave an at-home at the Forum to the Ladies' Legal Golfing Association. Mrs. Joll is a leading lady of that as well as its hard-working hon. sec., and after tea the L.L.G.A. gave her a charming wedding present.

IT always seems to me that tea is a much nicer meal for that sort of affair than dinner; there are comparatively few people that you really want to talk to, in public, for an hour or so on end (perhaps we are all bad conversationalists nowadays), but plenty with whom a few minutes chat is really delightful. If you disagree, it is so much pleasanter to be able to get away and talk to somebody else, than to be a hypocrite or appear bigoted, since not everyone is Scotch enough to love an argument. Mrs. Joll, happily, will not be lost to Middlesex golf, for Mr. Joll is a dental surgeon in the West End. Nor will she desert the Legal for the Medical, for by one of those queer anomalies of qualification, the D. in the F.R.C.S., makes the wife thereof unable to join the ranks of the latter association. Now that Mrs. Tony Torrance has a fellow sufferer from this bar, to back up her protests, perhaps something will be done about it. Or perhaps she and Mrs. Joll are happy as they are.

Talking of Mrs. Torrance, Sandy Lodge, of which she is a member, are holding the open meeting for their Silver Jubilee Challenge Cup on Tuesday, March 17th, entries closing March 9th. Mrs. Garon is the holder, since her 78 won the tie, you remember, from Miss Diana Fishwick and Miss Regnart. Sandy Lodge is one of those blessed courses where you can find summer conditions in winter months, and there are sure to be plenty of people who will try to wipe out at Sandy the mistakes they have made at Roehampton's Gold Cup meeting four days earlier.

IN the meantime, county second teams round London are getting busy, birds are singing, buds are bursting, and we are all well justified in feeling thoroughly spring-minded.

Or is it only that green lady of mine, merely Mary Ann? I must stop scribbling and go out and drive her.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

The Sandy Lodge Cup

The first holder of the Sandy Lodge Jubilee Cup, Mrs. Garon, receives it from Miss Betty Dix Perkin, the captain. The cup will be played for again on March 17th

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32 & 34, St. Bride St., E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

MARCH

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

As Easter approaches there will be a general exodus to the South of France and other resorts where blue skies and brilliant sunshine cast a glamour over life. Clothes for such conditions must be light and summery like the simple frock pictured above, which is expressed in one of the new Celanese materials, called "summer crêpe." It was recently shown at the British Industries Fair Fashion Parade, together with many other frocks also made with Celanese fabrics and designed by well-known couturières. These materials are both practical and beautiful. There is something for every occasion, including gaily checked and striped jersey knits for beach wear, soft wool-like fabrics in tweed or bouclé effects for day frocks, and brilliant satins and taffetas for the evening, not forgetting "Crêpe Kapre," a new jersey weave with a dull, velvet surface and chalk-like bloom which is very striking

Eastern Splendour in a Western Setting

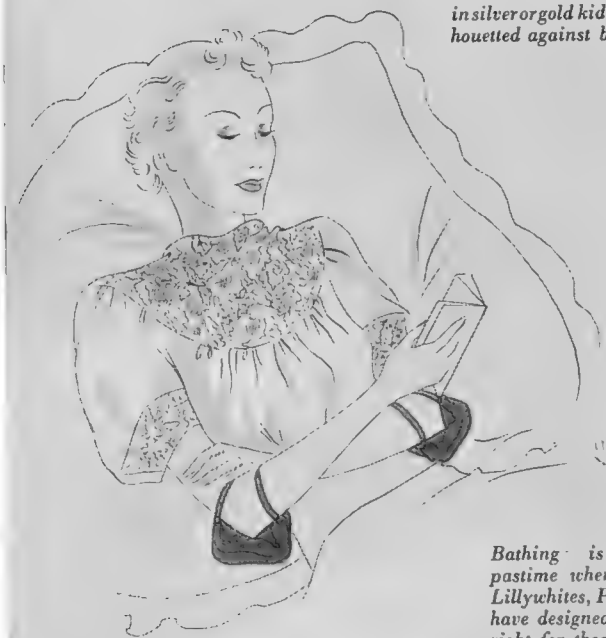
Decorative blouses in rich materials, elaborately pleated or embroidered, are prominently featured by the majority of designers, and Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, have contributed the trio on this page. Decidedly Chinese in character, is the model in the top left-hand corner. The material is printed satin, and it is cut with draped sleeves and a high neck which buttons down the back. Below it is a jumper suitable for day or evening, in printed crêpe de chine, showing bold flowers against a black ground. It costs 79s. 6d., and has long sleeves puffed at the wrists. Once more the Oriental trend is reflected in the waistcoat photographed above. It is expressed in heavy satin, richly embroidered, and is available in several colour combinations

Photographs by Lenare

The Bystander Twins in search of NOVELTIES

Discovered by Peta . . . . Pictured by Pam

A trio of amusing belts from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, is seen on the left. All three are made of suède, and the one on the extreme left has a buckle composed of coins linked together. The snake next to it is available in silver or gold kid, silhouetted against black



Elbow rests known by the name of "Elboeze" are filled with "Dunlopillo" and yield to pressure in the same way as an air cushion. Marshall and Snelgrove have them, attractively covered in silk at 3s. 6d. each

Old-world hanging lamps are always decorative, and Liberty's, Regent Street, have them in wrought iron. The one on the left can be fitted with an electric bulb, and costs £2 complete with chain and fittings

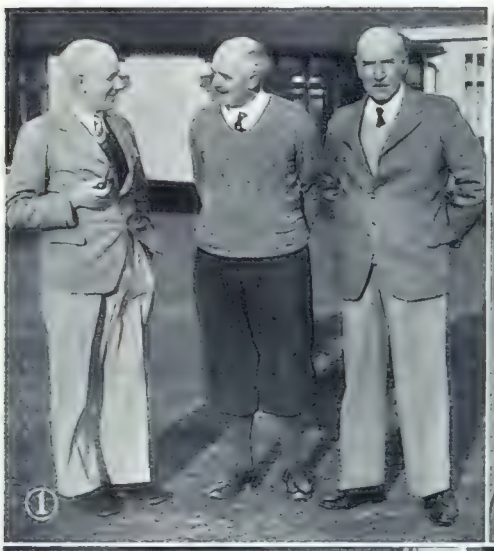
Here is another "old-timer" from Liberty's in the shape of a chestnut roaster. It is made of perforated burnished brass with an extra long handle to prevent the hands from getting scorched, and only costs 8s.

Bathing is a favourite pastime when cruising, and Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus, have designed the suit on the right for those who intend to "Follow the Sun." It is knitted in green wool with a lace stitch lined with pink, and fits perfectly in every detail

Something new in beach sandals may be seen at Lillywhites. Plaited raffia makes the pair on the left while the others are made of leather with adjustable thongs which will not harden in sea water

Necklines are important this season, and many of the new collars introduced on pull-overs are double or even treble. In the sketch above, a double version of the Eton collar is shown

Golf Clubs at Home: Shirley Park Club, Croydon



(1) J. T. Saul (committee member and ex-captain), T. O. Sturges (captain), and A. Pringle (secretary). (2) H. Prickett (committee member), B. D. Songhurst (champion), and H. Higinbotham (ex-captain). (3) F. P. Mitchell, T. H. Butcher, and G. P. Hodges. (4) K. C. Jordon and G. L. Treleaven. (5) S. Upex, R. Upex, and A. W. Scott. (6) C. D. White and C. D. Anderson (committee member). (7) H. P. Carter (ex-captain and ex-chairman), W. J. Bailey, R. H. MacIntyre (ex-captain), and J. Kirkland. (8) Tom Trapp (professional) and L. R. Cole (steward)

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Motoring in Spring

New Cars Are Now In Season: By The Earl of Cardigan

IT seems a little odd to find oneself, in March, talking about the *new* cars and their various attractions. Officially, there are no new cars. Officially, the 1936 models appeared, and were available for purchase, as long ago as last October. Did we not see them all lined up for our inspection at the Motor Show?

Unofficially, I see no harm in revealing that very few of the 1936 models were well and truly in production at that time. They could be inspected; but many could not be bought, except after considerable delay. It is only quite recently that all the factories may be said to have got fairly into their stride, and to be turning out cars fast enough to keep pace with the growing demand.

Even I, who may be supposed to be in a somewhat favoured position, have hitherto had some difficulty in getting hold of new cars for test purposes. It has been simply a question of mathematics. The public has been demanding a hundred cars, when only fifty have left the factories. Naturally, some people have had to be kept waiting.

NOW, all that is changed. We are well into the 1936 motoring season, and immediate delivery can be given in all but a few exceptional cases. From the business point of view, therefore, this is undoubtedly the time to buy.

There are many other points which are worth considering. For instance, while it is always rather an exacting business "running in" a new car, the process is decidedly less tedious when it can be done in the early spring weather, with the evenings gradually drawing out and the countryside beginning to look more hospitable. In winter, one is generally in a hurry to get somewhere, and motoring is apt to be too chilly an occupation to be in itself attractive. From now on, however, the enforced "pottering" need be by no means disagreeable.

Jack Barclay, Ltd., strike a springtime note in the coupé coachwork of this 3½-litre Bentley

Above is the new Riley model called Adelphi. It has the usual Riley performance, and is designed as a dual purpose town-country car. Six cylinders develop 15 h.p.

Left: the 20-25-h.p. Rolls with Hooper coachwork is standing in one of Burnham Beeches' "vernal woods"

The Rolls Royce in Spring

THEN again, it is at this time of year that, if one does not buy a new car, it becomes desirable to see about renovating the old one. With summer ahead, and the prospect of longer runs and touring trips to be undertaken, various questions arise—such as whether or not a new set of tyres has become a necessity, whether the engine does not need to be decarbonised, or whether the worn paintwork and upholstery does not require a little "touching up."

When the time comes for these things to be considered, it is only natural to enquire whether a deal

of trouble could not be saved by the simple expedient of parting with the old car in exchange for a new one. There is also the financial element to be calculated. If the old car requires, let us say, £25 to be spent on it, it is fair to deduct that figure from the actual cost of a new one. A good car nowadays should require no outlay at all, other than the price of oil and petrol, for the first year of its existence.

WHEN all these factors are taken into account, it is easy to see why the early spring is recognised as a great car-buying period. For a great many motorists, indeed, the question of the moment is no longer whether to buy or not, but merely what exactly is the type of car best worth buying.

I think there is no doubt that, within the last few years, the choice of a new car has become a very much more puzzling problem than before. In the first place, there are practically no bad cars any longer in existence, and—secondly—there is such a wide choice of new models, all of them good and sound in their several ways.

TAKE, for example, the case of the man who is prepared to spend about £300. A few years ago, he could have had a 10-h.p car, or a 12-h.p. car. He could scarcely have afforded a "fourteen." In making his choice, therefore, he hardly had to consider what size or shape of car to buy. He merely had to decide which manufacturer he would support.

What is the position now? It is still possible to spend £300 on a 10-h.p. car, assuming that a very special sports model is desired. On the other hand, for the same money one can buy a "twelve" or a "sixteen," or a "twenty" or a "twenty-five." In other words, one can have anything between a small car and a very large one!

THE question therefore arises, what *type* of car to buy—and this is by no means easily decided. The bigger car is, of course, more expensive to maintain. Its running costs are higher, as is also the cost of insurance and the price of the annual licence

Miss Billie Houston and the New Rover Sports

Billie Houston is standing beside the new Rover sports saloon, a six-cylinder 14-h.p. model. It is designed for women drivers, having clutchless gear-change, automatic lubrication, and self-jacking

The Talbot Ten

The speedy, light-built model standing by St. Clement Danes, Strand, is one of this year's road contributions from Talbot. Its horse-power is ten, and it is priced at £265

A Roomy Wolseley

The new Wolseley "Super Six" is designed low and fast, but attention has also been given to head-, elbow- and luggage-room

In public garages and on car ferries, it may have to pay more for occupying additional space.

As against this, it is fair to say that, on the whole, large cars are easier and less tiring to drive, besides tending to be more comfortable. There are mechanical reasons for these things, which are inescapable. For instance, a car with a long wheel-base will always be better sprung than a car with a short wheel-base. Each individual bump must necessarily deflect the chassis through a smaller angle.

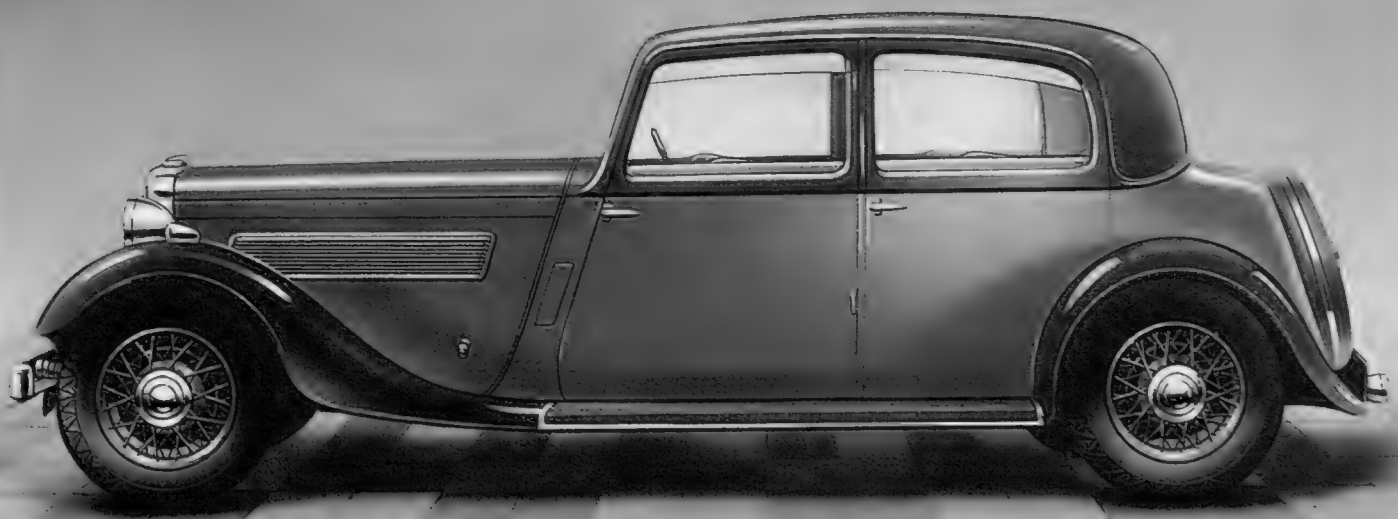
Again, from the mechanical point of view, a big car should last longer than a small one. I do not say that it always does so: I merely state that the bigger engine, running at a lower rate of revolutions, should have a greater expectation of life.

IN giving the selection of new cars which follows, it has of course been impossible to cover every conceivable choice. All that I have tried to do is to give a number of salient examples of the 1936 models which are now available. From these representative cars, however, it should be possible to form a fair idea of the value and variety of what the motor industry at present has to offer.

(*Continued on page 410*)

ROVER

"One of Britain's Fine Cars"



THE "TWELVE"
SPORTS SALOON
£298

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM ~ ~ THE ROVER COMPANY LTD., COVENTRY.

CVS—187

Motoring in Spring (*Continued from page 408*)

AMONG THE NEW CARS

IN making a survey of new cars for 1936, it is convenient to start with a few of the exclusive models which, while they may be beyond the means of the average motorist, are none the less regarded with keen interest as representing the highest achievements of mechanical excellence.

In this category we must place the new "Phantom III." Rolls-Royce. This car has a 50 h.p. twelve-cylinder engine and, among other notable features, employs independent front springing. The successful 25 h.p. Rolls-Royce is continued, and this smaller car sells at prices in the region of £1600. With its six-cylinder engine, it is capable of very fine performance, and has a chassis long enough to carry seven-seater coachwork.

The 3½-litre Bentley is likewise being continued, with minor developments. This was, of course, the first sports car to give really silent and flexible running. Now, there is also a 4½-litre Bentley—equally silent and of even greater power. The chassis in each case is similar; but the car with the larger engine is listed at £50 extra.

It should be emphasised that both Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars are very easy to drive and simple to maintain. Nowadays, there is no truth whatever in the antiquated notion that such cars demand the attentions of a chauffeur. They are as well-suited as any to the owner-driver's requirement.

A VERY fine sports car, which is also remarkable for its flexibility is the 4½-litre Lagonda. Its maximum speed may be given as a genuine 100 m.p.h. A notable feature is its ability to potter along in the same gear at a mere 5 m.p.h. When the gear-box is used, acceleration is tremendously rapid, and there is no better car in the matter of road-holding.

A good point is that Lagonda coachwork is very comfortable—unusually so for a genuine sports car. The price is really quite moderate, when one compares it with that of other 100 m.p.h. propositions. The open touring model sells at £1000 exactly.

The New Standard Limousine

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester have recently taken delivery of one of the new 20-h.p. Standards. Finished in black and chromium, with a soft beige interior, the model has ample head-room and large windows

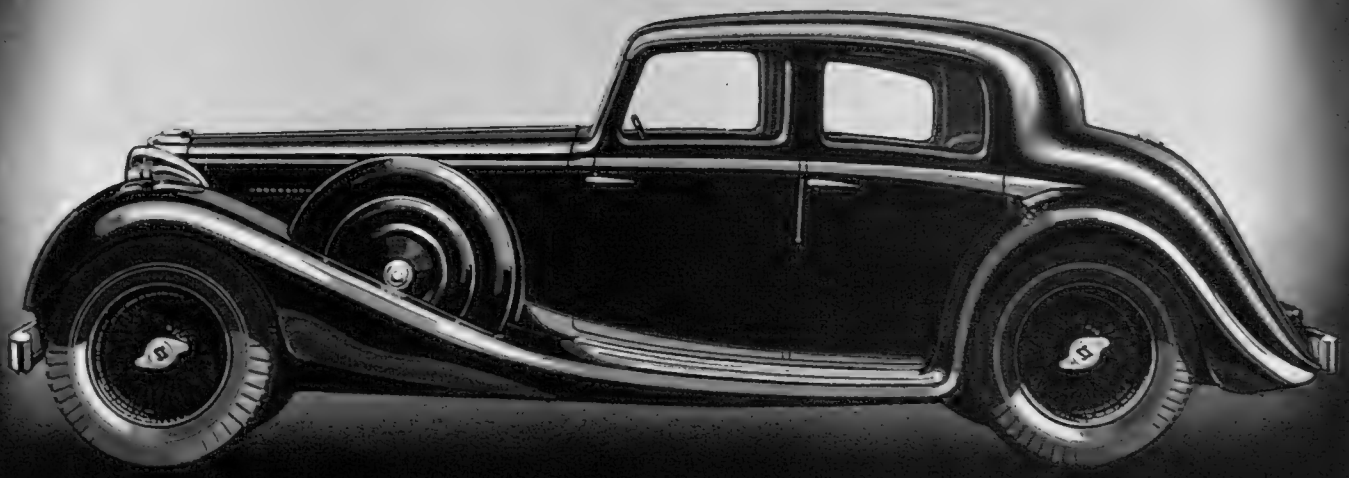
Cars of almost every type are being marketed for 1936 by the companies of the Daimler group. For real luxury and power there is the 32 h.p. "Straight Eight"—a big car which will carry with ease full seven-seater coachwork. There is also a "Light straight-eight," a "Twenty," a "Light Twenty," and a "Fifteen." The last-named is a most attractive car of moderate size and cost. All these cars have overhead-valve engines, with—needless to say—the Daimler fluid transmission and pre-selective type of gear-box.

There are Lanchesters of 18 and of 11 h.p. The latter is a small car of high quality which should prove a real attraction at £298. There are also two B.S.A. models, a "Ten" and a "Light Six" of 12 h.p. All of these likewise have the Daimler transmission, which is justly famed for its infinite flexibility.

NEW models which will attract a great deal of interest are the 1936 Talbots. It is, I take it, now common knowledge that Talbot cars have come under the same

(*Continued on page 412*)

The high performance car for connoisseurs



With all the luxurious comfort and dignified appearance of a fine town carriage, the amazing performance of the "Jaguar" is achieved with an effortless smoothness which brings a new fascination to driving and is typical of the pitch of refinement to which the modern sports car has been brought by SS. Prices range from £285 for the 1½ Litre to £385 for the 2½ Litre models.

SS JAGUAR

SS Cars Ltd., Holbrook Lane, Coventry.

SS *London Showrooms* **HENLYS** *Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1.*

Motoring in Spring

(*Continued from page 410*)

go-ahead management as the successful Humber and Hillman marques. The new types are to be known as the " 75 " (18 h.p.), the " 105 " (21 h.p.), the " 105 " speed model, and the 3½-litre (24 h.p.). There is also the 24 h.p. limousine model, and—last but by no means least—a new edition of the once-famous Talbot " Ten."

Like its predecessor, the 10 h.p. car is, of course, a " four." All the other cars have six-cylinder engines. The " 75 " has a synchromesh gear-box; but the Wilson epicyclic type of gear-box is used for the other six-cylinder chassis. The Limousine has some features of great technical interest which give it an unusually low floor-level. Prices range between £260 and £895.

BIG-CAR motoring at moderate cost is the keynote of the latest Vauxhall programme. The Vauxhall " Big Six " is produced in many different styles, with a 20 or 27 h.p. engine and with short or long wheelbase. In the latter case, seven-seater coachwork is available. There are several all-weather models, and a saloon which should surely prove a " best-seller " at £325.

The Vauxhall " Light Six " is a smaller car which has gained wide popularity. It has an overhead-valve engine, which may be either of 12 or 14 h.p., and is equipped with independent front suspension. This represents a real advance in riding comfort. £225 is the price of the " de Luxe " saloon.

THE latest Fords are cars which are decidedly worth studying—and this year a new version of the celebrated " V-8 " is sure to make a name for itself. This is a car of slightly less power (22 h.p.) than the original " V-8 "; but it is similar in that it gives a really impressive performance, while fully maintaining the Ford tradition of value for money.

There are two smaller cars, one of which is the " Popular " 8 h.p. Ford, which sells at the remarkable figure of only £100. The other is known as the " de Luxe " Ford, and has a 10 h.p. engine. This little car develops remarkable power, and has, in particular, a wide reputation for its sturdy acceleration.

FOR sheer diversity of choice, the 1936 Austin range is perhaps the most comprehensive in the firm's history. There are six-cylinder Austins of 14, 16, 18, and 24 h.p., as well as four-cylinder cars of 12, 10, and 7·8 h.p. All chassis are fitted with four-

(*Continued on page 414*)

En Route for Secunderabad

Capt. Wilson awakes from his camp bed in the Syrian desert beside the Ford which took him and Capt. Fry through Budapest, Constantinople, Baghdad and Delhi to Secunderabad

When Five's Company

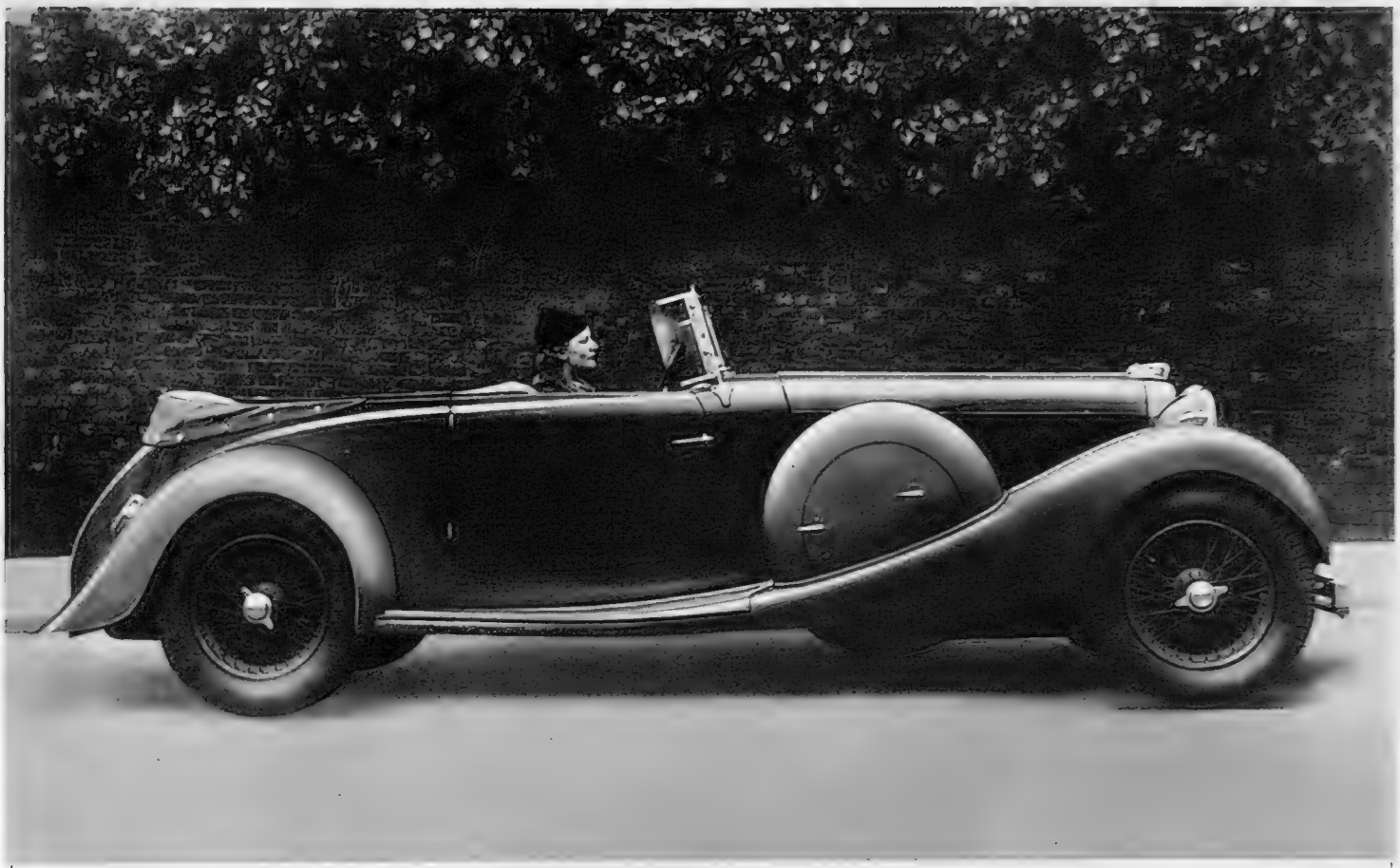
Riley

A new and bigger Riley. Ample room for FIVE people. SIX windows giving practically open car vision. And of course, every feature for which Riley cars are renowned—Preselectagear, Lever-free Front, Inter-axle Seating, Air-liner Frame Bracing among them. "The finest all-purpose Riley ever built" say the experts. But why not have a demonstration and find out for yourself?

the car for the new outlook

ADELPHI

RILEY: 6-LIGHT 5-SEATER "ADELPHI" COACHBUILT SALOON. 1½ Litre (Tax £9 0 0) £350. 6-cyl. 15 h.p. (Tax £11 5 0) £380. Other Riley models from £269. Triplex Glass and Dunlop Tyres. Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry



"The new 4½ litre Lagonda is a really fine motorcar for which we prophesy great things. When he redesigned this famous chassis for the 1936 season, Mr. W. O. Bentley employed his engineering skill and experience to great effect . . . . A half-a-mile was covered in 18.4 seconds, equivalent to 97.7 miles per hour . . . . One cannot drive this car for very long without appreciating that it is designed and built throughout by people who have had much personal experience of long-distance motoring."

"The Motor," February 18th, 1936.

LAGONDA

L. G. MOTORS [STAINES] LIMITED, MIDDLESEX, ENGLAND. Telephone: Staines 1122 (4 lines).

L.111.

Motoring in Spring (*Continued from page 412*)

speed gear-boxes of the synchromesh variety; but an optional extra on the 16 and 18 h.p. cars is the Hayes gear, which is of great interest and gives an automatic, infinitely variable gear-change.

Austin prices are, without exception, uncommonly reasonable. The Austin "Twenty" Limousine, which is a seven-seater, is first-rate value at £650, while—to go to the other end of the range—the "Ruby" saloon on the Austin "Seven" chassis costs only £125, and is a thoroughly efficient little car which will carry four adults in comfort.

THE Morris programme this season is of special interest; for it incorporates an entirely new range of luxurious six-cylinder cars. These are of 16, 18, 21, and 25 h.p. All are of comfortable size and of notably good appearance, with a very satisfying road performance. The 25 h.p. saloon is a remarkably cheap car at £265, and should have a great influence in converting English motorists to big-car appreciation.

The smaller Morrises are of 12, 10, and 8 h.p., and these cars are of four-cylinder type. It should be mentioned that, with the exception of the "Eight," every car of the Morris range has, as a standard fitting, the excellent "Jackall" system of hydraulic jacking. The "Eight" sells in saloon form at £120, and is a very sturdy example of the economical light car.

All those who enjoy the sporting side of motoring will be familiar with the record of the M.G. This year, there are two versions of the famous "Midget." The original "P" type is continued, and the two-seater model is reduced in price to £199 10s. There is a new and slightly larger edition of this car, having an engine of 9 h.p. The "Magnette" is also continued, with a number of detail improvements.

An attractive newcomer is the 2-litre M.G., with a 16 h.p. engine. This is a very good-looking six-cylinder car with—as may be imagined—an exceptionally efficient road performance. Prices range from £375.

THERE is much that is new in the Standard programme, although certain well-established favourites are being continued. The four-cylinder cars are of 9, 10, and 12 h.p., the last-named being available in two forms, known as the "Twelve" and "Light Twelve" models. There is also a "Sixteen," a "Twenty," and a "Light Twenty," all of six-cylinder type. A further sub-division is that the "Twenty" can be obtained with either long or short wheelbase, according to the style of coach-work desired.

In addition to all these, there are the "Flying" Standards—cars of 12, 16, and 20 h.p. These are specialised models, streamlined to give a very striking appearance, and capable of really high-speed running. To show that all prices are decidedly moderate, we may instance the "Light Twelve" saloon at £195, and also the "Flying" 16 h.p. saloon at £299.

AMONG good-looking cars of genuinely sporting type, the new S.S. models are conspicuous. A particularly fine proposition is the 2½-litre "Jaguar," which has a 20 h.p.

(*Continued on page 416*)

Rural Nigeria

The Emir of Kano last year visited the Morris works with his sons. This year a Morris 25 saloon repays the visit to him, on its way from England to Nigeria, a journey accomplished in 7½ days

ON FLYING STANDARD CHASSIS

A Four-Door Saloon for the discriminating motorist. Available on "Twelve," "Sixteen" and Light "Twenty" Flying Standard chassis. Prices: £335, £365, £370.

THE NEW AVON BODY Co LTD WARWICK ENGLAND

COGENT

BE SURE YOUR CAR IS MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

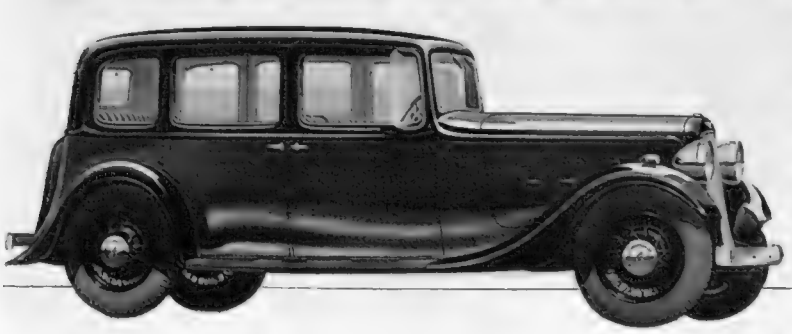
The ordinary motorist asks himself a few questions

About time I got a new car, a car that is thoroughly up-to-date . . . Let's think what I really want it to be like and what I want it to do. Ninety miles an hour? No. It might be a bit of a thrill when one got the chance, but sixty-five is all I'll ever want.

Do I want a good-looking car? Undoubtedly, but what constitutes good looks? I'd rather have a car whose lines people admired by a glance than one which they turned round to stare at. I want the spare wheel enclosed for ease of cleaning. And inside I want real, homely comfort—seats as near as possible to my favourite arm-chair, plenty of room for my head and legs, light and airiness and good, broad vision (I can't bear feeling 'boxed-up').

I'm afraid I'm not interested in the mechanical side. I'm an owner-driver not an owner-mechanic. Give me a car, therefore, that's fool-proof and weather-proof and time-proof and one that, by its unfailing dependability and low running costs, keeps me out of repair shops and cuts my garage bills down to the minimum.

I seem to be wanting a lot. But folk who've owned all sorts of makes tell me that there's only one car which is so up-to-date that it meets *all* my requirements—an Austin.



The YORK Saloon with six-cylinder engine of 18 *h.p. or* 16 *h.p. 4-speed gearbox with Synchromesh on top, third and second gears. Deep, comfortable seats upholstered in Vaumol hide. Smith's Jackall Hydraulic Jacks, Dunlop tyres and Triplex glass. PRICE at works:* 18 *h.p.* £328. 16 *h.p.* £318. *Self-Selector Transmission* £50 *extra. For full particulars of all models, write for new catalogue, or call on the nearest Austin Dealer.*

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. every month.

AUSTIN

YOU BUY A CAR — BUT YOU INVEST IN AN AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Company Limited, Birmingham & 479 Oxford St., London. London Service Depots: 12, 16 & 20 h.p. Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p. North Row, W.1. Export Dept.: Birmingham

Motoring in Spring (*Continued from page 414*)

overhead-valve engine. Considering its notable road performance, the four-door saloon is really cheap at £385.

Costing £100 less is the 1½-litre "Jaguar," which has a 12 h.p. engine of the four-cylinder side-valve type. Other side-valve models are the familiar S.S.I. and S.S.II. cars. Both have a fine appearance, and the former is powered by an engine of either 16 or 20 h.p. The four-cylinder S.S.II. may be either a "Ten" at £235 or a "Twelve" at £240.

ROVER cars for 1936 are of moderate power, but of a very high standard of workmanship. There are models of 10, 12, and 14 h.p., of which the 10 and 12 h.p. cars are "fours," while the "fourteen" is a "six." All these have overhead-valve engines and four-speed gear-boxes, aided by free-wheeling mechanism. The free wheel, of course, makes all gear-changes foolproof, and a good point is that it can be either used or disconnected at the driver's discretion. Thus in hilly country the car can be temporarily restrained from "coasting."

There is also a "Speed Fourteen" Rover, and this is a fast car which carries special streamline coachwork. The engine has three carburettors, and there are a number of other modifications. Rover prices range from £248 to £415, and the "Sports Saloon" type of coachwork deserves special mention for its attractive appearance.

THE Riley programme is always an interesting one, and this season is especially so. The celebrated "Nine" is continued, and there is also the 1½-litre (12 h.p.) four-cylinder car. This has a longer chassis than before, and more luxurious coachwork. Then there is the Riley "Six," with an engine of just over 14 h.p.

Finally we have the new Riley "Straight-Eight"—a very fine proposition—rated at 18 h.p. All these cars have overhead-valve engines of unusual efficiency, four-speed gear-boxes, and friction clutches which are automatic in their operation. The Riley tradition of good looks is maintained, and prices are graded between £269 and £450.

THE 1936 Wolseley range is distinguished by the appearance of several new models known as the "Super Sixes." These are really big and comfortable cars of 16, 21, and 25 h.p. Overhead-valve engines are used, and "Jackall" hydraulic jacks are fitted. There is a Limousine model with the 25 h.p. engine, which will accommodate seven people quite easily. In addition to these big cars there is a smaller six-cylinder Wolseley of 14 h.p. which is modestly priced, in saloon form, from £220. Then there is a new edition of the famous "Hornet." This also is a "six," with a 12 h.p. rating. The only "four" is the 10 h.p. "Wasp," which is a very sturdy little car, having a four-speed gear-box and costing only £165.

It is not necessary to extend this list indefinitely in order to prove my contention that 1936 is a year of exceptionally wide choice for the motorist of moderate means. He is no longer confined to the "light-car" class, except by choice, and for the purpose of ensuring the most economical running costs. If he does not mind paying for a little extra petrol he can own a big car or a high-speed sports car—or, indeed, almost any type of car that may appeal to him.

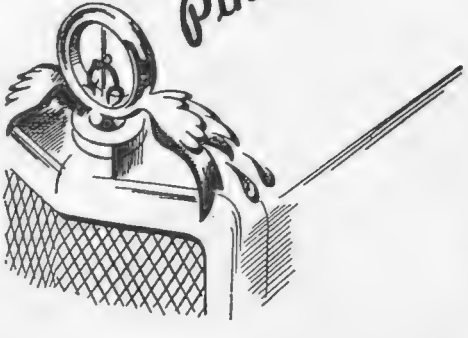
Rural England

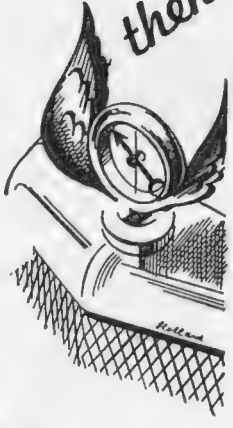
The Austin Sherborne Saloon is a neat little runabout for a rainy day in town or country

Pinking makes me boil!

then change to "BP" Ethyl

BP ETHYL

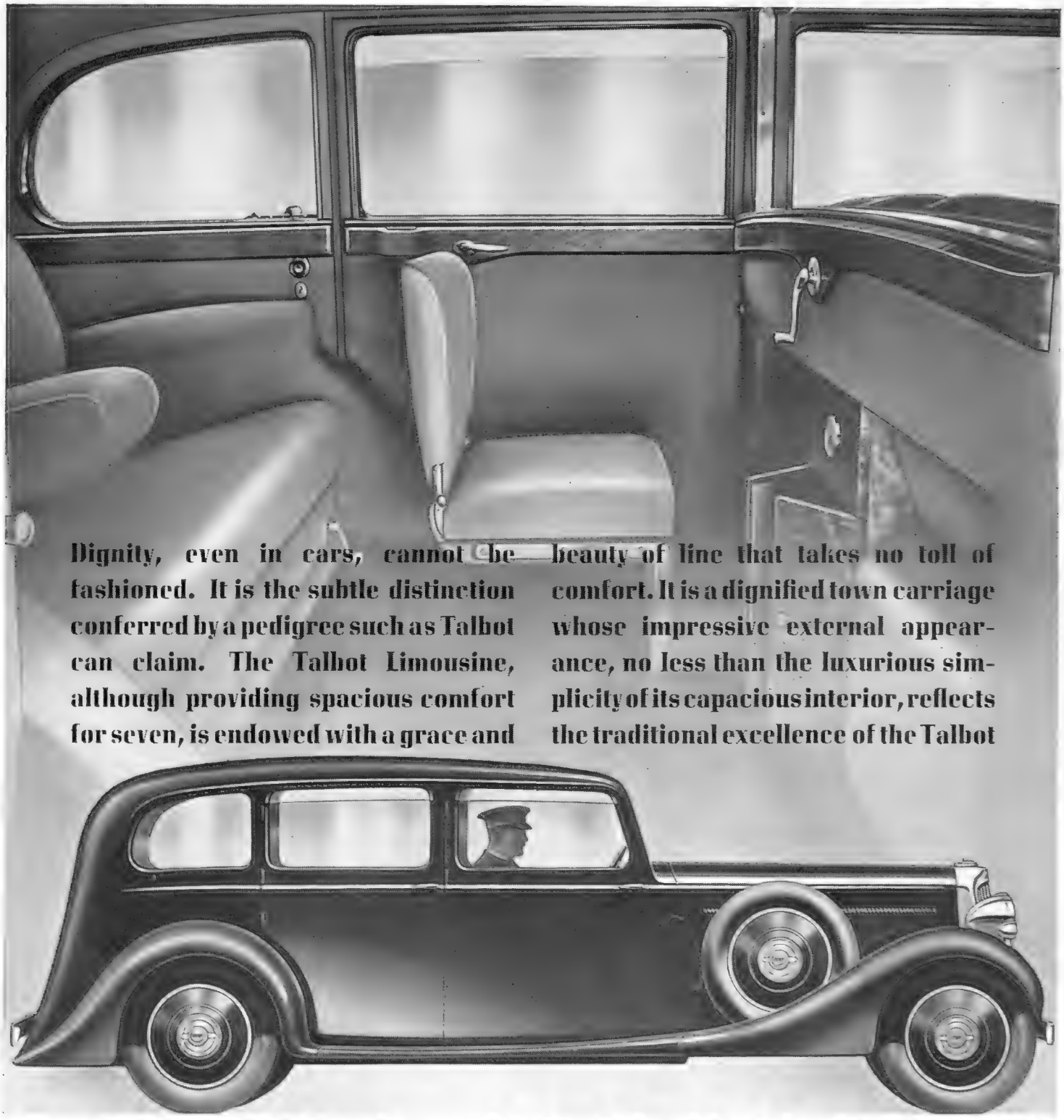




You can stop pinking, or knocking, by using "BP" Ethyl: the result will be better all round performance, especially in traffic and on hills. Pinking, or knocking, is not so much an evil in itself as a symptom, a warning that your engine is being starved: neglected it leads to immediate loss of power and eventually to overheating and breakdown.

'BP' ETHYL Banishes Pinking

THE SUBTLE DISTINCTION OF PEDIGREE



Dignity, even in cars, cannot be fashioned. It is the subtle distinction conferred by a pedigree such as Talbot can claim. The Talbot Limousine, although providing spacious comfort for seven, is endowed with a grace and beauty of line that takes no toll of comfort. It is a dignified town carriage whose impressive external appearance, no less than the luxurious simplicity of its capacious interior, reflects the traditional excellence of the Talbot

TALBOT LIMOUSINE

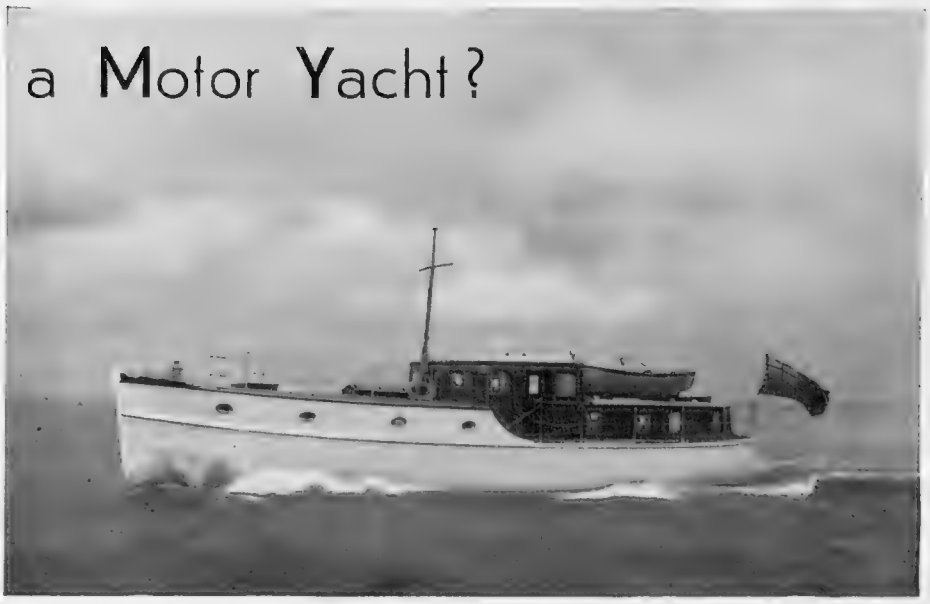
on 24 h.p. chassis: Price £895

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

CLEMENT TALBOT LTD., LONDON, W.10. WORLD EXPORTERS: ROOTES LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

Why Not Own a Motor Yacht?

By M. R. Horne



The Saro on a Cutty Sea

The Saro is one of the largest type of its craft available from stock. A forty-five foot twin-screw cruiser, it is built by Saunders-Roe, of Cowes

At one time the ownership of a motor-car was regarded as a sign of affluent circumstances. It was an uncertain standard of judgment and it passed with the arrival of mass-produced vehicles.

Equally foolish is the present-day impression that to own a yacht implies substantial means. This error is bad not only for a fine industry, but more particularly because it prevents many from possessing a little vessel of their own.

How much does it cost to buy a yacht? This question I have been asked many hundreds of times. The reply is: anything from £100 upwards.

A more common-sense attitude in which to approach the project is to consider the amount that one can reasonably set aside for a boat, the number of people it must accommodate, and whereabouts one intends to cruise. These fundamentals considered, the problem becomes more easy to decide.

In these days full-powered motor yachts predominate: they are almost invariably the choice of the newcomer to the joys of open water. Later on an auxiliary craft may appeal; boats of this type generally have increased draught whilst sail is the primary means of propulsion, the motor being available to give a reasonable turn of speed in the face of adverse wind and tide.

A well-known business man recently remarked that nothing gave him such a complete feeling of freedom and independence as that of being at the wheel of his own little ship. Others become owners because they can cruise with their families and friends not only in home waters, but on the meres of Holland, the canals and rivers of France, and journey even so far distant as the Baltic or Mediterranean.

Such matters as hotel accommodation, luggage and the multitude of other considerations inseparable from normal travel are avoided when one is possessed of a floating home.

The fact that women are becoming keen on motor cruising has been instrumental in introducing more comfort, improvements in decoration and more efficient and airy galley arrangements than hitherto.

A modern twin-screw motor yacht of about 45 ft. in length can provide real comfort for a party of five or six. There is, of course, a bathroom of sensible proportions, two toilets, a galley with refrigerator, and stainless steel sink, electric lighting throughout the boat, with handy shaded bulbs above the beds and lots of drawers and locker-space.

The most usual location for the machinery is amidships beneath the floor of the deck-house, where bulkheads prevent any odour or noise penetrating to the accommodation.

Modern control is extremely simple—just two levers—one for each engine, and placed besides the steering-wheel. These levers are not much larger than a fountain-pen and one pushes them forward to go ahead and draws them back for reverse; the vertical position is neutral.

A boat of this type fully equipped, including wireless receiving apparatus and built to a first-class specification which calls for teak planking, can be purchased for less than £2500.

With a yacht of this size it is possible to cruise for weeks or months and enjoy the same amenities to which one is used at home. Those who have sufficient time and inclination follow the sun in even smaller craft by leaving these shores in the autumn and making the Mediterranean their home during the winter months. The journey presents no difficulties, and although a few make the run down-Channel, through the Bay and turn the corner at "Gib," many more cross to Le Havre and travel by the Seine to Paris and on to the blue waters of the Mediterranean by a continuation of inland routes. These ways are of special interest because they are somewhat off the beaten track of those who tour by road or rail.

Navigation is a point which seems to trouble many who have not gone so far as to investigate the fascination of reading a chart or absorbing the rudiments of simple navigation. The requisite knowledge is easily acquired by anyone of average intelligence, and is available in the form of a correspondence course, but a simple alternative is to employ a skipper. It is not difficult to handle a boat, whilst manœuvring with finesse in restricted quarters is an accomplishment that is soon acquired.

The Charmian

Mr. A. Thistlethwayte is the owner of The Charmian, a schooner carrying twin six-cylinder oil engines, built by A.E.C., and developing 100 h.p.

Regarding the initial cost of a yacht, there is one most comforting point to consider. There is no need to take into account heavy depreciation, for the average life of a boat is much longer than that of a car. Provided a yacht is maintained with reasonable care, no more than five per cent. need be written off annually. Insurance is advisable but not compulsory, and the rate is considerably reduced if the boat is not used during the winter months.

Yachts are tax free and no licence is required. It is optional to register with the Board of Trade, but most advisable to do so, particularly if one "goes foreign," for a boat unregistered and in strange waters is somewhat similar to being on foreign soil without a passport.

The all-important question of where to keep the craft is generally decided by the locality in which the owner lives. Those yachtsmen who reside in London generally favour the south coast and places such as Itchinor, the Hamble, Shoreham, Littlehampton are popular, but choice is wide and includes the Essex coast with such well-known centres as Burnham-on-Crouch and Harwich.

Scottish yachting men are specially favoured with the Clyde and the incomparable waters of the Western Highlands. Another delightful rendezvous where yachtsmen forgather is Conway, in North Wales.

For those who intend to take up the sport of motor cruising for the first time, it is sound advice not to purchase too large a boat at the outset. At the end of the first season one is better able to judge the type of yacht which is most nearly one's ideal.

The fact that so many craft change hands at prices greater than those originally paid by owners is generally because it requires about four months to produce a yacht of between 40 and 50 ft. in length, and this period increases in relation to the dimensions. For this reason the demand for second-hand craft, of which immediate delivery can be obtained, is considerable, particularly at the opening of the season and when stock boats have been sold.

Freedom from irksome road restrictions has caused many to become enthusiastic marine motorists and thus benefit from that call of the water which is inbred in most Britons but finds practical expression in relatively few.

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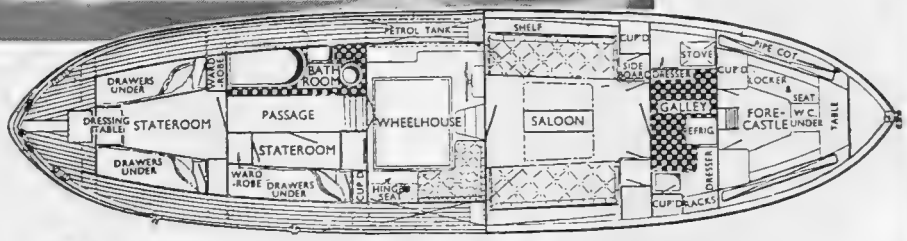

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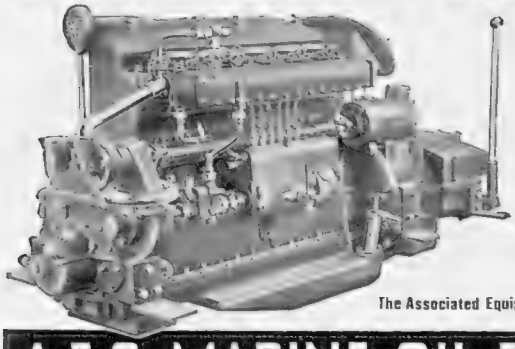

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Afterthoughts on a Challenge Match

As no challenge matches of importance have been played for several years, more interest than would otherwise have been the case was taken in the match in which the Essex Professional Golfers' Union challenged the Croydon and District Golfing Alliance.

The match was played by teams of four players, and decided by singles and foursomes over thirty-six holes; eighteen holes of all the matches were played at Croham Hurst in the area of the Croydon and District Golfing Alliance, and the last eighteen holes at Thorndon Park on Essex soil. Unfortunately the weather conditions were extremely unfavourable for either good golf or for the comfort of the spectators. On the first day, after eighteen holes of foursomes play, the singles which were to have been decided in the afternoon were postponed owing to fog, which was so thick that even in the morning play was only just possible.

At Thorndon Park it rained in the morning and poured in the afternoon, but in spite of this the course played well, and only a small amount of casual water was encountered on the greens, and then only for a short period.

The foursome in which B. Hodson and A. Dailey beat A. H. Padgham and W. J. Cox by one hole took one hour and one minute to play the first nine holes at Thorndon Park. All these players were trying their utmost (the result affected both their reputations and their purses), and took every possible care and reasonable time to play their shots.

When you see golf played in this manner, it is difficult to understand how some players take considerably over three hours to play a match in the Amateur Championship. If the slow golfers who inconvenience the players behind by lying down on the greens before putting, fiddling about and wasting time in other unnecessary ways copied as regards speed of play the Professionals to whom I have just referred, they would, I am sure, not only enjoy their golf more, but also play better and not miss so many putts of doubtful length.

I certainly thought (and there must have been many who thought the same) that the Essex Professionals had bitten off more than they could chew, and if the match was played again, I am sure that a team consisting of the Open Champion, two Ryder Cup players, and the Open Champion of Surrey, would not lack backers, but we must certainly give honour where honour is due, and congratulate the Essex team on their brave performance and their fine and courageous golf.

It is all very well to say that the Croydon team would win over a series of five matches, or that the Arsenal Football team which was beaten at home by Portsmouth would win if the match was played again, but the fact remains that these teams did not win when the matches actually took place.

It is one of the great charms of the game of golf that occasionally the weaker player or team beats the stronger, and if this did not happen, the number of people who play the game of golf would be diminished very considerably.

The match was extremely close and the Essex team won by a very narrow margin, in fact, until Denny in the last match had played his second at the thirty-fifth hole, the result was in doubt. Denny put his iron shot at this hole about 5 yards to the left of the pin, and when from there he had two putts for the match, and one putt for his match, he holed the putt, to give himself three consecutive holes, each in one under the par figure, and to allow the soaked and excited spectators to reach the Club House and shelter a little earlier than they would have if the thirty-sixth hole had had to be played. At Thorndon Park considering the very unfavourable weather and the damp air, which made the course play extremely long, the general standard of play was very high.

They all played so well that it is difficult to mention with justice any particular players, but I think Dailey was the hero of the piece and Padgham the villain. Padgham was not quite hitting his shots, and never appeared comfortable, and, as often happens when a player cannot get going, the run of the green was against him.

I must write a word of praise for Denny who was handicapped by an injury to his ankle, which he sprained while practising the day before the final stages of the match.

When everything depended on the last match, and when, all square with four holes to go, Denny appeared to have cracked, he pulled himself together and played the next three holes perfectly, except that he took one putt on each green instead of two, won two of them, and gave himself and his side a very narrow victory.

Essex out of their four wins had one on the thirty-sixth green, and two on the thirty-fifth green.

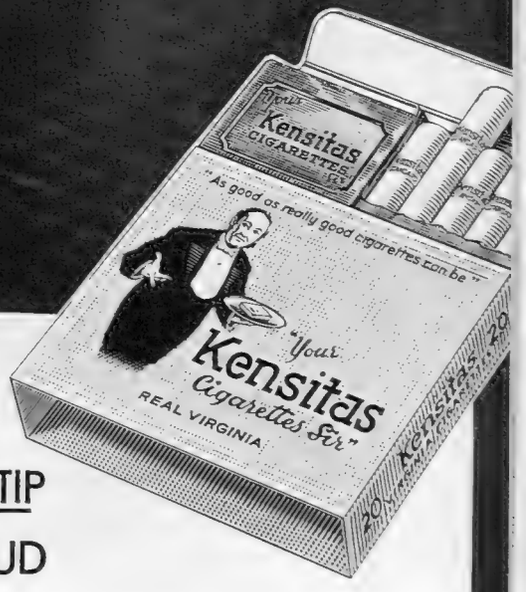
These results show better than words what a close and interesting match it was.

O.U. Beat Stoke Poges

J. P. Marston (holding umbrella) and E. M. Prain were a Stoke Poges pair who were beaten by Hanson - Lawson and Greenly (Oxford). The University won the day by 12 matches to 3

Three Oxford Golfers

K. N. Fisher (Eton and Magdalen), J. M. Baillieu (Melbourne and Magdalen) and Fraser Clark (Glasgow and Worcester) play golf for their University. Baillieu is also an athletic Blue; Clark won the bogey and stroke competition at the O.U. course



"I'VE BEEN SMOKING **KENSITAS*** STEADILY FOR TEN YEARS, IT'S THE PLAIN-TIP CIGARETTE THAT DOESN'T HURT EVEN A DUD THROAT LIKE MINE"

Leslie Henson

Leslie Henson, producer and manager as well as a truly great comedian. Better than ever in his latest success "Seeing Stars."

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*Your Throat Protection, Against Irritation...Against Cough

Some New Harbours for Air-Liners

By Charles Ward

Airports Up to Date

THE latest airport or aerodrome has the opportunity to be better than its competitors by profiting from the mistakes that have been made in the growing stage of air transport. When Gatwick is completed it should be the last word in airport construction. Very special attention has been paid to drainage, a subject that was often ignored when aerodromes were first chosen. Many of the R.A.F. stations and some civil ones become impossible or impassable after a long spell of wet weather. At Gatwick they are tackling the problem on the right lines from the start, and in many other respects it will be the most modern all-weather terminus in England. At Gravesend the aerodrome is naturally dry. Full night-landing equipment has been installed and by midsummer London will be served by these two additional airports, available for traffic at any hour of the night as well as by day. By contrast with our own difficulties on spongy ground, at Stockholm they have had lots of fun blasting rocks to create the city airport. Anyone who has been to that northern capital will agree that the Swedes know how to build. The airport extends over 450 acres with 1000-yard asphalt runways, has night-flying and blind-landing equipment; also a location beacon of 2,000,000 candle-power.

The Shape of Things to Come!

The pilot is completely enclosed for flying and fighting at speeds around 300 miles an hour. This is an experimental interceptor built by Hawkers and powered with a Rolls-Royce engine

Around the Clubs

NOW that the open two-seater Moth is no longer in production, clubs and schools are faced with a considerable problem when deciding on new types to replace the old. Whether to become cabin-minded or to create the demand for more fresh-air types: that is the question. Quite a lot of people object to flying with a lid over their heads, but at one stage in motoring development there were similar objectors. For relatively slow flying and certainly in fine weather, the open 'plane, with that pleasant draught of fresh air, has much to commend it, but for all-weather touring and for long-distance journeys, give me a cabin every time. All Service instruction is carried out in fresh air, the "Tiger" Moth, various Avro Trainers, and the Blackburn side-by-sider being the types in use. The Miles "Hawk" has found favour as a civil school machine and one still sees veteran Avians and "Bluebirds" on rare occasions. Most clubs find themselves with a mixed fleet, so that there is something to suit every taste. At Yeadon for instance, the Yorkshire Club has four Moths, one Puss Moth, and a Short "Scion." Hanworth staged one of its usual cheery parties last Saturday, the carnival spirit being much in evidence. The de Havilland Aeronautical School Ball, held at the Hyde Park Hotel, was a great success, de H. himself gracing the proceedings, supported by a large party from Hatfield. The Norfolk and Norwich Club's scheme for flying by deferred payment is an excellent idea. Pupils are guaranteed training up to "A" licence standard on payment of £5 as deposit and forty instalments of 10s. a week. This includes club membership and the cost of the necessary certificates of qualification.

What's On *(Continued from page D)*

CONCERTS *(Continued)*

Orchestral and Choral

B.B.C. ORCHESTRA.—And the B.B.C. Military Band and Choral Society, conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty, in Berlioz' "Messe des Morts" and "Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale": Queen's Hall, to-night, 4th 8.30.

CHORAL CONCERT.—The L.P.O. and Double Chorus conducted by Dr. Sargent in Palestrina's "Stabat Mater" and Berlioz' "Enfance du Christ," with six soloists: Queen's Hall, Mon. and Tues., 9th and 10th, 8.15.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Marion Harris is back in London with some fetching new songs; Jack Harris plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER.—The Follies of 1936 include the Starlets, Florine McKinney, Naunton Wayne as compère, and two funny men; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new show is *New York*, 1936—a girls, music, and star-turn entertainment; Syd Lipton plays for dancing: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—The Western Brothers are here again. Meeres and Meade (from "Follow the Sun") dance. Harry Roy's band plays: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

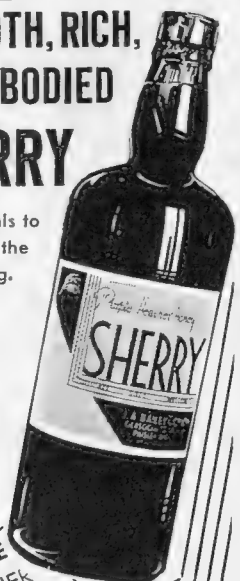
PRUNIER'S.—Fish-foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please, and the wine list is also excellent; no music.

RITZ.—Café chantant is another word for good cabaret; Joe Kaye's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—There 's no cabaret, but two excellent bands—Len Hay's and the Florida Night-Owls till 11, and then the Krakajax, with Judy Shirley; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

A SMOOTH, RICH, FULL BODIED SHERRY

Which appeals to palates of the discriminating.



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For a wash or odd job EXPANDA LINKS are indispensable. Pull the sleeve—that's all!

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Stratton & Co., Ltd. (Dept. B), Balmoral Works, Birmingham.

Also made in 9-ct. Gold 30/- pair, post free

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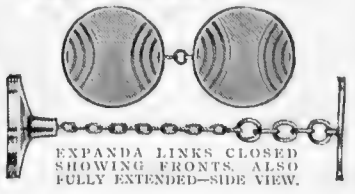

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THE

MONTE CARLO

CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON, 1936

MARCH 4 Berlioz' "Requiem," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 5 Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Walter de Frece" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 6 MUSIC—GALA CONCERT, CONDUCTED BY RICHARD STRAUSS.
MARCH 8 Winter Sports—Monte Carlo Ski Club Relay Race at Beuil.
MARCH 19–20 Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE CUP.
MARCH 20 César Franck's "Béatitudes," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 22 Fencing Tournament.
MARCH 25 CLASSICAL CONCERT WITH MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 27 GRAND RECITAL BY MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 28–29 International Dog Show.
MARCH 30–APRIL 5 Annual Tennis Criterium of the Principality of Monaco.
APRIL 1 GALA CONCERT WITH MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 2 Monte Carlo Theatre—OPENING OF THE BALLET SEASON.
APRIL 3 GRAND RECITAL BY MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 4 Automobile "Concours d'Elégance."
APRIL 8 GALA CONCERT WITH FRITZ KREISLER.
APRIL 10 GRAND RECITAL BY FRITZ KREISLER.
APRIL 11–13 Motor Races; Prince Rainier Cup & GRAND PRIX DE MONACO.
APRIL 13–29 Monte Carlo Country Club—Easter Tennis Tournament.
APRIL 14 Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE STANLEY CUP.
APRIL 15 Verdi's "Requiem," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.

SUMMER SEASON AT MONTE CARLO BEACH: The Beach and Swimming Pool will open in May. The Beach Hotels open on June 1 and the Summer Sporting Club opens in July.

(The foregoing is only a brief summary of the more important events up to the end of April: the programme for February has already been published in earlier editions of the Calendar.)

TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS

TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare, £19 5s. Return Sleeper, £9 19s. 2d.
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0s. 2d. Return Sleeper, £8 17s. 10d.
30-day tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.

AIR (7 hours) Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1s.

SEA (7 days) 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22.
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16.

HOTELS—HOTEL DE PARIS.—Full pension terms from 30s. per day.
HOTEL HERMITAGE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.
HOTEL METROPOLE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Cafe de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10s. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and all travel agencies.

Fine, thanks—

I'VE JUST HAD A
BETTER SHAVE WITHOUT A BRUSH
THAN I EVER HAD WITH ONE . . .

I'm using
COLGATE'S
Brushless
SHAVE CREAM

This is the modern way to shave . . . the quicker way, because it saves the time usually taken by the operation of a brush . . . the better way, because it gives closer and cleaner shaves with extra after-shave comfort.

Colgate's Brushless Shave Cream makes all other shaving methods look clumsy and old-fashioned. Just spread it over your face—it goes on easily, never lumping up or clogging your razor—then shave it off as quickly as you like. You'll have had a far better shave without a brush than you ever had with one, and there'll be no shininess or stickiness left behind. Don't waste another shave without Colgate's Brushless Shave Cream: it will give you a new idea of how good a shave can be.

6d & 1/-
GIANT SIZE 1/6

Moon-Tigers

(*Continued from page* 388)

She was holding back a bunch of tiny curls to show him, and in the feeble light of the hotel corridor they seemed shiny, amusing little curls.

"I don't blame the little beggars at all," the Man was saying.

The Woman said:

"I heard something. Is anyone ill? Are you ill?"

"No," said the Girl softly. "Not ill; only bitten to death. My moon-tiger went out."

After that he lit her mosquito coil for her every night. He discovered a salve for her original bites. He would trot out to a kiosk before breakfast and buy her yesterday's *Times*. She seemed helpless and hopeless about the simplest things. There was always something he could tell her or do for her; and most that he did and all that he told was originally derived from the Riviera sage. With the greatest complacency and the most shameless pride, he passed on, and was applauded for, all this second-hand information. He became an authority on Nice, on the entire French Riviera, Europe, and finally and quite easily—the world.

It was not until she contradicted him on something local and entirely incorrect that the Woman realised how complete in its effect the Girl's treatment had been.

He walked off in a huff!

Said the Girl, gentle, diffident, and, as it always seemed to the Woman, stupidly inarticulate:

"I think perhaps men don't like us to know too much," she submitted. "I 've always rather worked on that idea myself."

"'Worked'?" echoed the Woman, who had liked the Man from India quite a lot before the Girl came.

"Perhaps I should have said 'acted,'" murmured the Girl.

"You *should*," said the Woman.

Then one morning the Woman came downstairs to find the Girl in tears and the Man in consternation. A letter from her mother to say she was unwell.

"Well," said the Woman, practical and constructive. "It 's no good being all of a twitter. You 'll be home before anything can have happened."

Her words seemed to scatter the last vestige of commonsense the Girl possessed. She gazed at the Man with liquid eyes.

"Where do I change, and what do I do?" she said. "Will you write it all down for me. I can only remember Mummie 's ill."

"I 'll come with you, dear," said the man. "You need looking after."

Late that afternoon, a meek, rather smart elderly lady wandered into the little hotel lounge and asked for the Girl.

The Woman was sitting there alone.

She explained in her faultless, completely British French that the Girl had gone back to England to her mother, who was ill.

The nice little stranger looked puzzled and distressed.

"But I have been trying to see her for a fortnight, or get her to come and see me," she protested. "Look, I have this note in which she asked me to come to tea to-day. I was so worried that I wrote to her mother that I had been unable to arrange a meeting, and I could not think why. She is no longer a child. I did not like to force myself; and I knew she had arrived safely, and that this hotel was eminently respectable. Here is her letter. You *see* she asks me to tea to-day!"

The Woman took the Girl's letter.

It was a courteous and affectionate invitation to tea, written in faultless French.

The Woman looked at the nice little stranger.

"So she spoke French," she said slowly.

She thought how the girl had hung on the Man's few badly strung phrases. Her little cliché to both of them.

"It must be *wonderful* to be able to say anything in French. You feel so *safe*."

"Of course; she spoke French like a Frenchwoman," said the nice little lady, almost indignantly. "I have a little school out here. She was my star pupil for three years. She had to go home in the end because of the mosquitoes. They adored her. The poor child was a sight. There was nothing we could do. Do they still eat her?"

She thought perhaps the English lady's French was not as comprehensive as it seemed; because what she actually said she could not have intended.

"Yes," she replied. "They still eat her—but not nearly enough!"

THE END

The "Bystander" Ladies' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (14th Year)

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1936, will be held at Seacroft, Skegness, Lincolnshire, by kind invitation, March 31st to April 3rd. Also N.P.F.A. competition.

Holders: Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Barbara Lees.

HOTELS

The "Bystander" headquarters will be the Seacroft Hotel, Skegness.

Special Terms:

17s. 6d. each per day, inclusive, or 14s. without lunch and tea.

Other hotels: County Hotel, Crown Hotel, and Vine Hotel, all 14s. inclusive.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes N.P.F.A. Competition (5th Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: Mrs. Swinscoe.

In conjunction with the Bystander Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, and those on the waiting-list, will be held, by the courtesy of the Club, at Seacroft during the Foursomes, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Half-a-crown entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A.; 25% to the Lincolnshire branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting-list. A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, March 31st, to Friday, April 3rd, inclusive. Starting arrangements will be posted at the Club.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds, provided the competitor has not played over the course earlier in the day.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes; further ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Sec., Seacroft, may decide.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from visitors without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32 & 34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 13th.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change.

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before March 13th should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

The Directors of the Bystander reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

SEACROFT NO ENTRANCE FEE

THE "BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Fourteenth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32 & 34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 13th.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Seacroft, on March 31st, 1936, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

Telephone number .....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

Telephone number .....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address, to Miss Helme, as above, or, after March 27th, to Seacroft Hotel, Skegness. Telegrams and Telephone: Helme, Skegness, 52.

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For Cruising AND The South

(Left)

A TWO-PIECE JACKET SUIT in Black/white Flamisette figured with small leaf design. The smartly cut frock is finished with frills of lace. The jacket is in the fashionable sleeveless style.

Sizes 44, 46, 48.
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(Right)

A SMART TWO-PIECE in check heavy cotton Flamisette with adjustable neck-scarf or square finish. In Black/white, Navy/white, Green/white, Sun-tan/white, Purple/black.
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• GETTING MARRIED :

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bertram Park

Lilah Labouchere

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Labouchere, of 15, Draycott Avenue, Chelsea; she is engaged to Denys Glynn Oglander, only son of Mrs. Aspinall-Oglander, of 25, York Terrace, N.W., and Nunwell Park, I.O.W.

Ursula Harris, Camberley

Eileen Maclear

Eileen Mary Maclear is the only child of the late Major Maclear and Mrs. Maclear, of Hildean, Camberley; her engagement is announced to Wilfrid Annesley Bickford, elder son of Colonel and Mrs. Bickford, of Camberley

Pearl Freeman

Valerie Longman

Valerie Churchill-Longman is engaged to Neil Gordon Abercrombie, of Strand Street, Sandwich, only son of Professor and Mrs. Patrick Abercrombie; she is the only daughter of Major Churchill-Longman and Mrs. Moody, and lives at Lee Cottage, Ash, Canterbury

Yevonde

Betty Shaw

Is engaged to George Holden, eldest son of Sir George Holden, Bart., and Lady Holden, of Atherton Old Hall, Leigh, Lancs.; she is the daughter of Mr. W. Shaw, of 70, Portland Place, W.

Baslini — Harding

Giovanni Baslini, younger son of Professor and Mrs. Carlo Baslini, of 15, Via Bigli, Milan, and Sigrid Alvar Harding, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Copeley Harding, of 15, Hyde Park Terrace, W., were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens

Blackwood — Caulcutt

George Douglas Morant Blackwood, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. James Blackwood, of Boreham Holt, Boreham Wood, Herts., and Phyllis Marion Caulcutt, younger daughter of Sir John and Lady Caulcutt, of Oaklands, Watford, Herts., were married at St. Andrew's, Watford

Pyman — Gamble

Mora Gamble, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Gamble, of Montpelier, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, was married at St. Anne's, Dublin, to Lancelot Pyman, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. Pyman, of The Manor House, Radcliffe-on-Trent

Walford — Hawkins

Juan George Walford, eldest son of Mr. Leopold Walford and the Duchesa de Marchena, of 22, Kensington Palace Gardens, and Maria Emmie Hawkins, eldest daughter of the late Cecil Hawkins, and Mrs. Hawkins, of Manila, Philippine Islands, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Turton — Stapylton

At Sherborne Church, Gloucestershire, Ralph Turton, son of Major and Mrs. Turton, of Kildale Hall, Yorkshire, married Mary Blanche Chetwynd-Stapylton, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Chetwynd-Stapylton, of Little Barrington, Gloucestershire

Neligan — Mason

Penelope Anne Mason, youngest daughter of the late Henry Mason and Mrs. Mason, of Bramfield House, Halesworth, Suffolk, was married to Desmond Neligan, son of the late Bishop of Auckland and Mrs. Neligan, of Apsley, Pulborough, Sussex

Hanbury — Hankey

Richard Nigel Hanbury, elder surviving son of Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Hanbury, of End House, Ware, Herts., and Anne Hankey, only child of Mr. and Mrs. P. Hankey, of Brook House, Stourton, Zeals, Wilts., were married at Brompton Parish Church

Clarke — Martin

At Box Church the Bishop of Bristol married Roger Simon Woodchurch Clarke, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, of Tracy Park, Wick, near Bath, to Nancy Martin, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin, of Crossways, Box, Wilts

Philips — Duke

Daphne Duke, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Duke, of Glebefield, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey, was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, to Osborne David Philips, third son of the late Frank Philips, and Mrs. Stacey, of 19, Albion Street, W.2

Millar — Moodie

William Hugh Millar, son of the late A. P. Millar, of Southern India, married Phyllis May Moodie, only daughter of Mr. H. J. Moodie, of St. Ermin's, Caxton Street, Westminster, at Christ Church, Victoria St.

Batchelor — Darling

At St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, Gordon Guthrie Malcolm Batchelor, only son of Mr. F. M. Batchelor, of Kellyfield, Dundee, married Lettice Darling, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Darling, of Bondington, Berwick-on-Tweed

Below : Gerald Gordon Ley, eldest son of Sir Gordon Ley, Bart., and the late Lady Ley, of Lazonby Hall, Northumberland, and Mrs. Rosemary Cotter, youngest daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. Duncan Macpherson, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate

Ley — Cotter

Russell — Mitchell

Michael Russell, elder son of Mr. Arthur Russell, and the late Mrs. Russell, of Swallowfield Park, Berkshire, and Joy Frances Mitchell, daughter of the late Mr. Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell, of The Grange, Irwin, Western Australia, were married at Bury Church, Sussex

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

March 4—March 10

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CHILDREN TO BLESS YOU.—Mary Jerrold is the mother of a charming but unruly family in this domestic comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30.

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—This play continues in its mystifying way; Frank Vosper heads the cast: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOG BENEATH THE SKIN.—Auden and Isherwood's piece about a pilgrim in modern Europe mixes farce and doggerel with satire and poetry. Capital fun if you take your brains with you: Westminster, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

A DOLL'S HOUSE.—The first arc of the Ibsen cycle from Cambridge; Lopokova as Nora, Geoffrey Edwards as Torvald: Criterion, to-night, 4th, 8.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This domestic comedy of quarrels and making-up is amusingly apt—and runs and runs; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the young couple: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—A charming piece from the Chinese by S. I. Hsiung, played à la chinois. Esmé Percy and Viola Tree: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY TUDOR.—Flora Robson as Mary of England, Joyce Bland as Elizabeth, Marius Goring as Philip of Spain: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight in T. S. Eliot's play about Thomas à Becket: Mercury, 8.30 (not Monday). Fri., Sat., 2.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Helen Jerome's dramatised version of Jane Austen, with Celia Johnson as Elizabeth, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, and Lueen Macgrath as Lydia; décor by Rex Whistler: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PROMISE.—Henri Bernstein's is a character play; Ralph Richardson, Madge Titheradge, Edna Best, and Ann Todd are the victims of a fate which is temperamental: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—Proves that well-played Shakespeare is still good box-office. John Gielgud produced; he and Peggy Ashcroft are the star-crossed pair, Mercutio (Laurence Olivier) and the Nurse (Edith Evans) are unforgettable: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ST. HELENA.—Sherriff's and Miss de Casalis' play about Napoleon's last days, with Kenneth Kent in the name-part, continues yet further—till the 14th: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Noel Coward's short plays vary nightly, and make the best light entertainment in town. The author and Gertrude Lawrence play the leads in them all: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—Still one of the best plays on, amusing and sometimes moving; Cedric Hardwicke and Eugénie Leontovich continue their grand acting: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2 30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—This "thriller" returns to London with Leslie Banks and Elena Miramova in their old parts: Garrick, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

AT THE SILVER SWAN.—Cheerful musical piece about the Australian 1870 goldfields, with chorus of bushrangers; Delysia and Steve Geray are in it: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FOLLOW THE SUN.—Cochran's 1936 revue is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland, Muchachos, and Young Ladies are all parts of it: Adelphi, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls'-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobby Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE NO. 73.—Gus Chevalier returns to the programme, well backed in humour by Hugh Rene. Scenes are set in Mars, Egypt, and Victorian England, and there is a pink and silver ballet: Windmill, 1.20—11.30, non-stop.

SEEING STARS.—A slim story sends Leslie Henson into numerous predicaments and the audience into fits of laughter. Fred Emney and Louise Browne enhance the merriment: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

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1066 AND ALL THAT.—Sellar and Yeatman's brilliant idea of burlesquing history continues to occupy a big cast and bigger audiences in this revue-history-farce: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Comedy with music. George Gee, Greta Fayne, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Long odds, but they win in this musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane and Clifford Mollison: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ESPIONAGE.—The spy-play at its most lurid. Marion Lorne makes the comedy (on the Orient Express) by getting mixed up in the spying and counter-spying: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FORTY THIEVES.—The last pantomime to succumb to Spring runs for three more days, with George Jackley and Polly Ward: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

THE LIMPING MAN.—Essentially a mirth and mystery piece. John Stuart, Charles Carson, Arthur Hardy, and Joan Carol combine the hilarity and horrors: Saville, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES.—Sir Seymour Hicks revives the piece, and plays the part that he made famous. Margaretta Scott leads opposite him: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Extraordinary character sketch of a cheerful young megalomaniac, written and acted by Emlyn Williams. Laughter, horrors and sympathy are well emphasised by Angela Baddeley and Dame May Whitty: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NO EXIT.—Robert Douglas in a doubtful thriller about murder for a bet and by a mistake: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

PETTICOAT FEVER.—This cheerful farce adheres to the three unities as well as giving Dennis King a relief from Labrador loneliness in the shape of Jill Esmond: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—James Bridie transports Bruno Franck's *Sturm im Wasserglas* to a Scottish scene. Roger Livesey, Sara Allgood, and Ian McLean are fun in this comedy-satire: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly redone; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

OPERA.—First performance by the Vic-Wells company of VERDI'S FALSTAFF; Sumner Austin produces and Warwick Braithwaite conducts: Sadler's Wells, to-night, 4th, 8.

RED NIGHT.—Robert Donat manages his first play (by Lonsdale Hodson) and leads in it; also John Mills and Meriel Forbes: Queen's, to-night, 4th, 8 (subs. 8.30, Wed., Sat., 2.30).

ROSMERSHOLM.—Second of the Ibsen cycle, with John Laurie as Rosmer: Criterion, Thurs., 5th, 8.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—Neil Grant's love drama has tense and comic moments; Leonora Corbett and Robert Atkins are in it: Comedy, Fri., 6th.

HEDDA GABLER.—Third of the Ibsen cycle, with Jean Forbes-Robertson as Hedda: Criterion, Mon., 9th, 8.30.

EUROPEAN SOIRÉE.—A new revue, led by American, May Farbe: Duke of York's, Tues., 10th.

CINEMAS

BONNE CHANCE.—Sacha Guitry wrote and directed this film in which he and Jacqueline Delubac take an unofficial honeymoon on the winnings of a lottery: Curzon.

CAPTAIN BLOOD.—Rafael Sabatini's story of a gentleman pirate in Jamaica brings a new star to the screen—Errol Flynn: New Gallery.

HOHE SCHULE.—The German for Haute Ecole; is about Captain Cavelli, who does a masked riding act. Forster who played opposite Bergner in *Traumende Mund*, is the Captain: Academy.

ICE FLOE.—The first colour film of the Arctic; also coloured cartoons, magazines, and news: Tatler.

JACK OF ALL TRADES.—The new Hulbert film with Robertson Hare and Gina Malo. Jack carries off improbabilities and impossibilities in high finance: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE MILKY WAY.—Harold Lloyd is a milkman in his new farce, and Adolphe Menjou trains him as a boxer: Carlton.

MODERN TIMES.—Charlie Chaplin's new comedy-tragedy-satire on these industrial days draws crowds to see him and Paulette Goddard at the Tivoli.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA.—The four Marx Bros. pop up again in a slapstick piece of their own peculiar genre: Empire.

PUBLIC NUISANCE NO. 1.—Frances Day and Arthur Riscoe in a British comedy; *The Charm School* (Fr. *Il est Charmant*) runs concurrently: Plaza.

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC.—Jack Hylton and his band are the stars of this (musical, of course) film, as well as June Clyde: Regal.

THINGS TO COME.—H. G. Wells supervised the making of this spectacular film from his book, *Shape of Things to Come*. Ralph Richardson, Raymond Massey, Margaretta Scott, and Ann Todd are in it: Leicester Square.

THE TUNNEL.—A fantasy in the screen's best (?) manner about sub-Atlantic travel, with Richard Dix and Helen Vinson: Dominion and New Victoria.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.—Jack Buchanan and Fay Wray together again in the good old stage farce: London Pavilion.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

FALSTAFF.—(See under First Nights.)
BORIS GODUNOV.—Thurs., 5th, 7.45.
THE SNOW MAIDEN.—Sat., 7th, 2.30.
FALSTAFF.—Sat., 7th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

HAUNTED BALLROOM, BAISER DE LA FÉE, SIESTA, FAÇADE: Fri., 6th, 8.30.
DOUANES, APPARITIONS, THE BLUE BIRD, THE GOD'S GO A-BEGGING: Tues., 10th, 8.30.

MARKOVA-DOLIN BALLET.—Last three days of this season's show: Duke of York's, 8.30. To-day and Sat., 2.30.

EXHIBITIONS

CHINESE ART EXHIBITION.—The exhibition closes on Saturday, 7th: Burlington House, 9.30—7.

GAINSBOROUGH EXHIBITION.—A loan show of drawings and paintings by the great Englishman in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital: 45, Park Lane, 11—7.

THE NUDE IN CONTEMPORARY BRITISH AND FRENCH ART.—Philpot, de Glehn, Nevinson, etc.: Leger Galleries.

CONCERTS

Recitals

HOROWITZ.—A Chopin recital at the Queen's Hall: Thurs., 5th, 8.30.

ANTHONY PINI.—A violoncello recital with Ernest Lush at the piano: Wigmore Hall, Thurs., 5th, 8.30.

CALLIMAHOS.—First appearance in England of this flautist, with Ulanowsky at the piano: Æolian Hall, Fri., 6th, 8.30.

BUSCH QUARTET.—The last of three recitals; quartets by Brahms (A minor), Beethoven (F major), and Mendelssohn (D major): Wigmore Hall, Fri., 6th, 8.30.

RACHMANINOFF.—The only recital in London by this great pianist includes two of his own Preludes, Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, Beethoven's Variations in C minor, Chopin and Scarlatti: Queen's Hall, Sat., 7th, 3.

LÉNER QUARTET.—The fourth of six Beethoven recitals by the Hungarian ensemble: Grotrian Hall, Sat., 7th, 3.

SZIGETI.—The violinist with Nikita Magaloff in a mixed programme including Beethoven's Romance in G, Bach's Grave and Fugue in A minor, Scherzo from Stravinsky's "Fire Bird," and Magaloff's Sonatina (dedicated to Szigeti): Palladium, Sun., 8th, 3.15.

Orchestral and Choral

HAYDN CONCERT.—Lucille Wallace (harpsichord) with Dorothy Silk, Isolde Menges, Beatrice Carelle Helen Just, and Johann Feltkamp (flute) in works by Joseph Haydn: Wigmore Hall, to-day, 4th, 5.30.

(*Continued on page* vi)

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"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Fourth Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

FELIXSTOWE

on March 21st and 22nd, 1936

(Headquarters: The Felix Hotel)

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Holder: M. R. Gardner (Parkstone)

• Conditions

Play will be for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes.

Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 21st.

When cards have been returned the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each.

The best two returns from the first quarter of the draw, the best two returns from the second quarter of the draw, and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap.

The first rounds will be played on the Saturday afternoon and the semi-finals and finals on the Sunday.

The remaining eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes, and if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide; and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in the competition proper on the Sunday, and there will be a Bogey Competition for those who have been defeated on the Saturday.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 21st, will be posted to each competitor on March 14th.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to this competition.

• Railway and Hotel Arrangements for the Week-End

The L.N.E.R. will issue to competitors staying at the Felix Hotel combined rail and hotel week-end tickets (Friday to Monday) by any train from Liverpool Street, and also from Bishop's Stortford, Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge, Newmarket and Norwich, at the inclusive price of £4 2s.

This ticket includes first-class return railway journey, dinner on the train or at the hotel on Friday, full board at the Felix Hotel on the Saturday and Sunday, with the alternative of lunch at the club-house, breakfast at the hotel or on the train on Monday morning, green fees, free use of the hard tennis or squash courts, free conveyance of luggage between the station and the hotel.

Competitors not taking advantage of the inclusive ticket will be required to pay green fees.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be sent on the entry form published herewith to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Felix Hotel by noon on March 20th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

ENTRY FORM • No Entrance Fee

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

To be played at Felixstowe on Saturday, March 21st and Sunday, March 22nd

IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Surname..... Initials.. .....

Club.. ..... Lowest Handicap.....

Address .....

.....

Telephone No.....

I shall be playing with ..... in the qualifying round.

I require a partner for the qualifying round.
(Strike out one of these.)

There is no entrance fee. I enclose a handicap certificate.

(Signed).....

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MAN and SATYR

A MAN and a Satyr having struck up an acquaintance, sat down together to eat. The day being wintry and cold, the Man put his fingers to his mouth and blew upon them. "What's that for, my friend?" asked the Satyr. "My hands are so cold," said the Man, "I do it to warm them." In a little while some hot food was placed before them, and the Man, raising the dish to his mouth, blew upon that. "And what's the meaning of that now?" said the Satyr. "Oh," replied the Man, "my Porridge is so hot, I do it to cool it." "Nay, then," said the Satyr, "from this moment I renounce your friendship, for I will have nothing to do with one who blows hot and cold with the same mouth."

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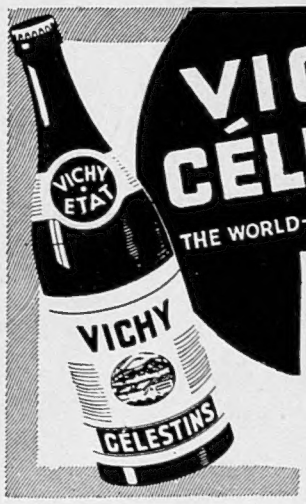

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